

JULY 1952

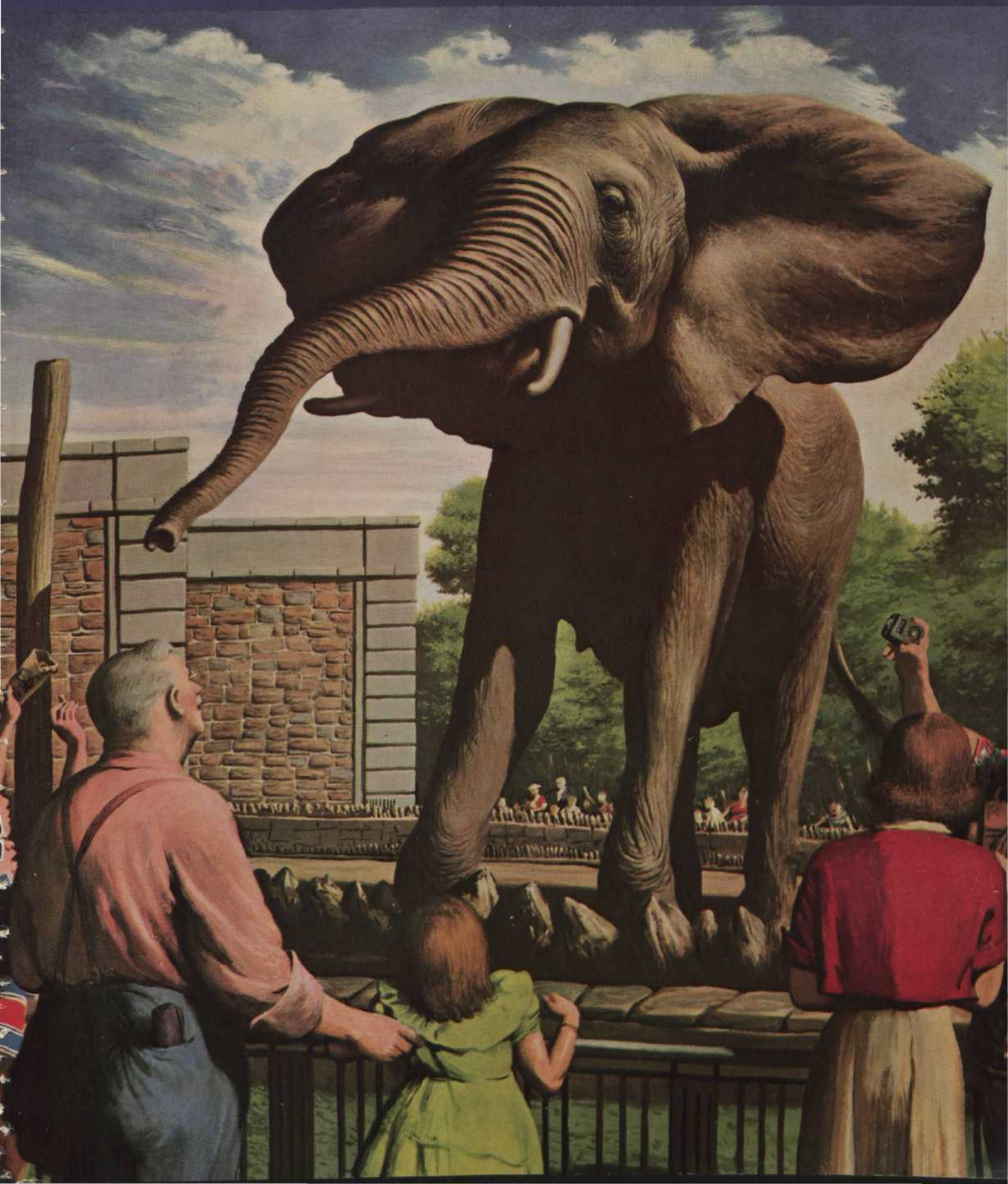
Nation's



BUSINESS

A GENERAL

MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN





JANUARY FEBRUARY MARCH APRIL MAY JUNE JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

SAVINGS

100%

90%

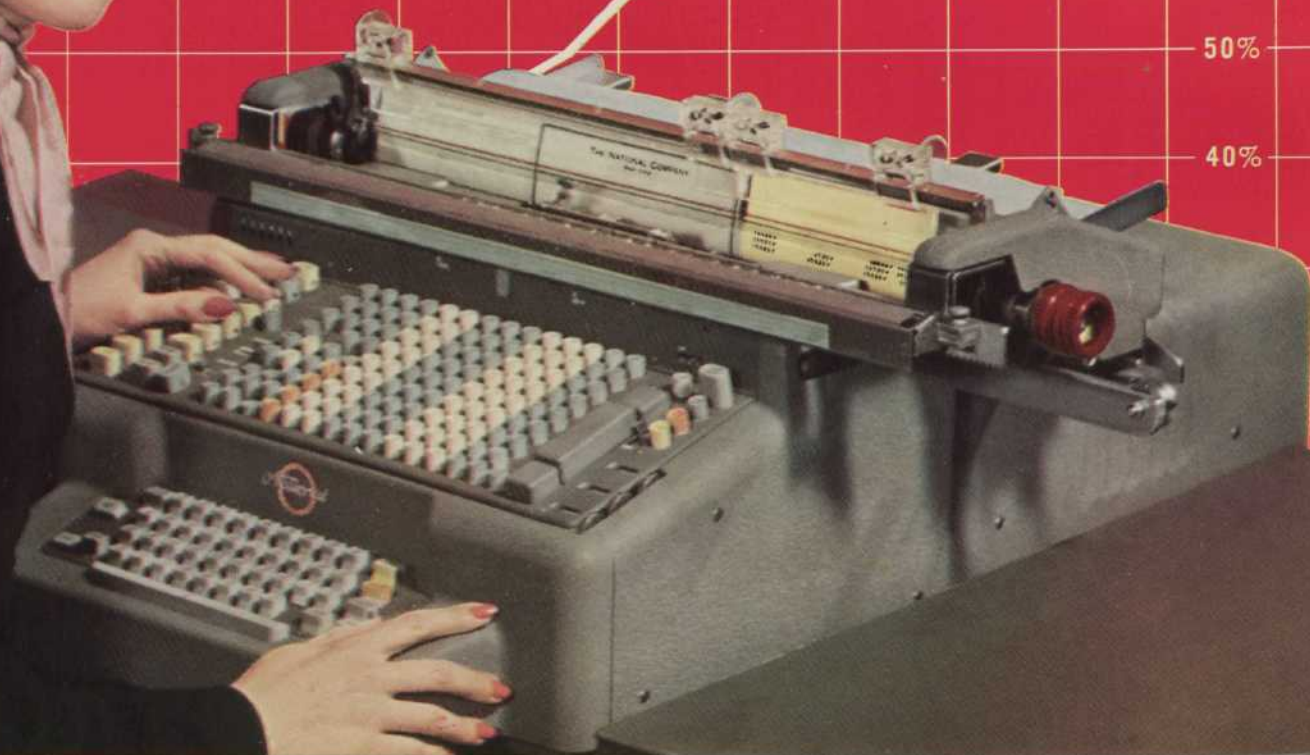
80%

70%

60%

50%

40%



## "Nationals" return us 100% a year on our investment"

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● The Hanover Fire Insurance Company this year celebrates its 100th anniversary, with dividends paid each year since 1853. They attribute this record to public service plus sound business management. Their investment in Nationals is in accord with that policy.

*Elmer Hansen*  
PRESIDENT  
HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

**National**  
ACCOUNTING MACHINES





## Death can cast the deciding vote in the control of a close corporation

A CLOSE CORPORATION is so named because its control is limited to a few principal stockholders. And yet the death of any one of them can loosen that control to a point where it might seriously affect the entire business.

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2. If they hold onto the stock but remain inactive, the family's only source of income from the business will be such dividends as the corporation might declare.
3. If they decide to sell the stock, the question arises as to who will buy it and at what price. To have the stock go to an outsider who would then have a voice in the control of the business could be most undesirable to the surviving stockholders. Yet they themselves might be hard pressed to raise enough money to buy the stock from the family and thus be able to

retain complete control for themselves.

**This difficulty need never arise if the interests of the stockholders and their families are protected ahead of time through a Close Corporation Insurance plan worked out with a New York Life agent.**

Under this plan, the stockholders enter into an agreement whereby survivors are bound to buy, and the estate of a deceased stockholder is bound to sell the stock to the survivors according to a price formula fixed in the agreement. To make sure the money is available when needed, each stockholder is insured for an amount equal to the value of his stock. Thus the stockholders are sure that death will not cast the deciding vote and that neither the stock nor the control of the business will fall into the hands of an outsider. At the same time, the family is guaranteed a fair price for its interest. Everyone is satisfied and business goes on as usual—without trouble, without argument, without needless litigation.

Whether you're a stockholder or an officer in a close corporation, a member of a partnership or the sole owner of a business, it will pay you to get the facts about Business Insurance right away. Simply fill out the coupon, or attach it to your letterhead, and mail. Or, even better, call your New York Life agent today.

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RB-7-52

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT IN YOUR COMMUNITY IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

NATION'S BUSINESS FOR JULY, 1952





## Waiting for you...in the SOUTH!

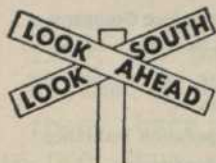
THE "WELCOME MAT" awaiting industries here in the South is made of many things—

It is made of rich natural resources and advantages, adequate power and fuel, and dependable, efficient transportation facilities—

It is made of competent, efficient, willing-to-work manpower, and large and fast-expanding consumer markets, eager and able to buy manufactured products of every kind—

Above all, it is made of the warm friendliness that welcomes new neighbors with the traditional hospitality of the South.

*"Look Ahead—Look South!"*



**SOUTHERN**  
RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Harry A. DeBatts*  
President

*The Southern Serves the South*





*Any way you look at it*

Your telephone is worth far more than it costs.

The cost of a call can be counted in pennies.

The value is often beyond measure.



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"...the investment we made in both time and money has repaid us many fold."

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January 26, 1952.

Mr. George S. May,  
George S. May Company,  
Engineering Building,  
Chicago 6, Illinois.

Dear Mr. May:

In March of 1947 we had your company work with us in setting up company organization and job standards in connection with an incentive pay system. Almost five years have passed now and I feel that the investment we made in both time and money has repaid us many fold.

While at the time it seemed we were paying quite dearly for the service, today I am writing you out of gratitude. We were in no serious straits when you came into our plant, however as I now look back over the problems of the past five years I can see where we might have had a much rougher road. If I do say it, I feel we were apt pupils and have used to the fullest extent the methods and tools that you gave us which accounts in no small measure for our business position today.

With our close company organization and incentive pay system we have been able to constantly reduce our costs yet build a better and better product. We are one of the very few companies in the country who has continued to produce their line without a consumer price increase. As you know, we work in critical copper, brass and plastic materials, all of which have had substantial price increases.

Since 1947 we have outgrown our original factory, built a new one and continue to grow. 1950 was a record year for us until 1951 came along with its 40% increase both productive and dollar-wise. Profits have remained satisfactory. We see no end to our ability to improve methods and systems both from an administrative and manufacturing standpoint, thus assuring continued reduced costs.

Yes, we are glad George S. May Company helped show us the way.

Sincerely yours,

TWECO PRODUCTS COMPANY.

*R. L. Townsend*

R. L. Townsend/mb



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OR  
WIRE

*"You've Got to Spend Money to Make Money"*

**GEORGE S. MAY COMPANY**

*Business Engineering*

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# nation's business

A General Magazine For Businessmen

JULY 1952 VOL. 40 NO. 7

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MORE THAN 750,000 CIRCULATION

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## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

"IT can't be. No elephant is *that* big," one of the editors remarked when he first saw ROBERT RIGGS' cover painting.

The accompanying photograph of Jumbina, who was the model for Riggs when he visited the National Zoological Park in Washington to sketch her, should prove otherwise. Jumbina stands more than nine feet tall and weighs an estimated 8,000 pounds. Her keeper, Cecil Gray, is six-two.



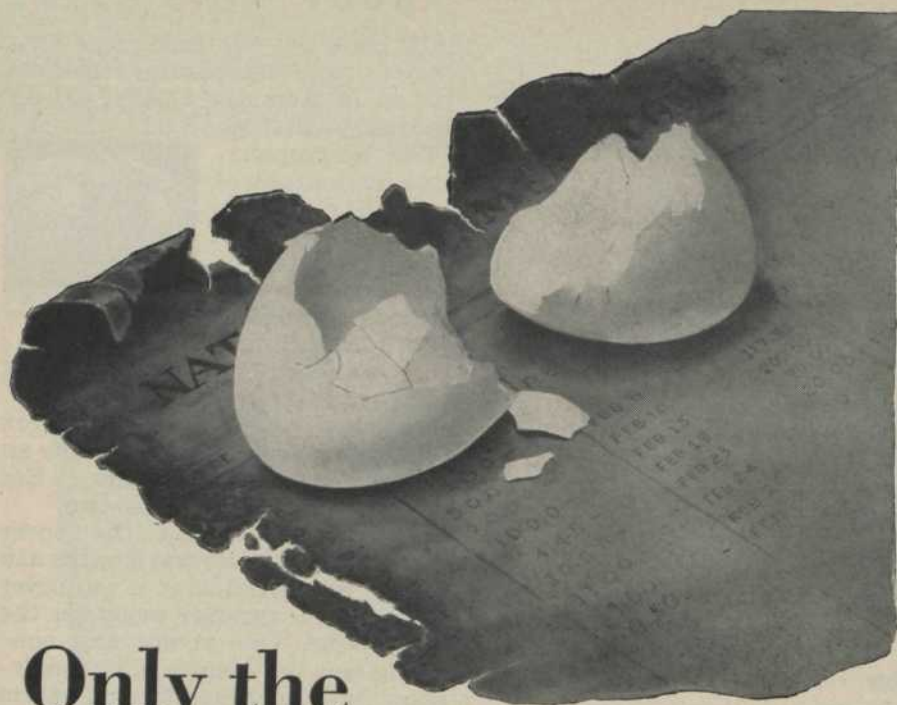
The story behind the cover actually begins several months ago when we agreed that a zoo cover would set a summer mood for the July issue. One of our first concerns was that people might somehow link our peaceful pachyderm with the political conclaves to be held in Chicago this month. This fear evaporated when our staff artist pointed out that Jumbina is an African elephant, while the symbolic beast created by cartoonist Thomas Nast after the Civil War has the small ears of the Indian member of the species.

TROUBLE came this spring when Jumbina refused to come in out of the drizzle and cold of Washington's wettest spell in many years. For two days she ignored efforts to lure her into warm, dry quarters. It looked as though we might be featuring a dead elephant on our cover. Fortunately, a tempting trail of hay laid down by Dr. Mann, the Zoo's noted director, changed her mind. A touch of arthritis was the only apparent ill effect.

Jumbina has made her home in the nation's capital since 1913, the year President Wilson took office. She was taken there shortly after her capture at the age of three and a half in the White Nile region of the Sudan. This makes her one of the oldest of the 264 elephants in the country today. However, she is No. 1 in the *Billboard Magazine* census of elephants which lists them according to date of entry into the United States. The roster is not complete because there are 23 circus elephants of unknown age. Nobody seems to know just when they arrived. Jumbina is past the retirement age for most of her working brethren which is 40.

EVERY 90 seconds a home catches fire someplace in the United States. During the year more than 300,000





## Only the shell of a business

*... that's all we had left  
after fire gutted our files*

(A true story based on Hartford File #96B8785)

Last year, we had a bad fire in our warehouse. Our property losses were about what you'd expect—\$28,000 damage to buildings, machinery, and equipment. Fire insurance took care of that.

But the cost of replacing our records...? At first, we guessed \$5,000. But as the total added up... as we started replacing inventory records, blueprints, ledgers, personnel control sheets (*we were only the shell of a business without them*)... that \$5,000 became \$15,000. Then \$30,000. Then \$40,000. Luckily, we had \$25,000 Hartford Records Destruction Insurance. But the rest came hard... it came out of our pocket. From now on, you can be sure our coverage will be *complete*.

What would it cost to replace your vital records?

Probably more—much more—than you think!

So why don't you do the wise thing now: assure their quick, complete replacement or compensation for their loss, in the event of catastrophe, with

adequate Hartford Records Destruction Insurance.

It's good, broad protection. It's low cost, too.

Ask your Hartford Accident and Indemnity Agent or insurance broker or write us for a sample policy and complete details.

*Year in and year out you'll do well with the*

# Hartford



Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company  
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company • Hartford 15, Connecticut

families will see their possessions go up in smoke. "Most of the householders affected, whether owners or renters," says **DON WHARTON** in his article on page 30, "will suffer a financial loss greater than necessary because of errors in buying insurance, in maintaining it and in settling claims." So whether you own your home, as 75.5 per cent of our subscribers do, or rent, it's good business to know how to handle your home insurance.

Wharton, who has been turning out articles for a good many years, started his journalistic career with the Greensboro, N. C., *Daily News*. He changed from newspaper to magazine work in the early '30's. Later he served on the editorial staffs of *The New Yorker* and *Scribner's*.

EVER since his college days **HAWTHORNE DANIEL** has been a traveler and writer. He's worked all around the world, missing only South America.

Several years ago, after having spent some months in China, India,

Iran and Egypt, he took a plane from Cairo to Naples. It was a routine flight but he felt that he had had an unusual experience that day. What had happened came to him, in

part, when he sat down that evening to write his wife.

"Italy," Daniel wrote, "is immensely different from the United States, but I nevertheless feel here a kind of homelike atmosphere. India, China, Iran and Egypt, as our medieval forebears would have said, are a part of Heathenesse. And I am back in Christendom again—not in the most fortunate part, but even with its weaknesses, Italy is closer to us than any portion of Heathenesse I have seen."

That evening in Italy Daniel fully understood what Kipling meant about East is East and West is West. And it was then that Daniel began to look into the matter of the Iron Curtain and to realize that the only thing new about it is its name, as he explains in "The Twain Have Never Met."

LIKE Roy Wheeler, the artist who illustrated his short story is primarily a businessman. **JOHN H. TINKER, JR.**, is a veteran of 20 years in the advertising business. Today, as creative director of McCann-Erickson, Inc., he finds that talking to people about products



and problems takes up more of his time than he can find on any standard gauge watch. "Illustrating stories and articles and occasionally a book or two offers relaxation and helps to remind me that I am one of the consumers to whom our ads are addressed."

THIS month's short story—about a hardware store—was written by **ROY WHEELER**, a newcomer to the magazine. Call it incidental, if you like, but he is a wholesale hardware man himself, as well as a fiction writer.



You might think there'd be a world of difference between the two, though Wheeler doesn't. "In both cases," he says, "you've got something you're trying to sell. And in both you've got competition—plenty of it. Moreover, in the background of each lurks a character to be overcome—an editor or a credit man."

"I've seen the day when it was easier to write a story that an editor would accept than it was to write an order a credit man would pass."

"And I've seen it vice versa."

Wheeler capsules himself as "middle-aged, Middle-Western locale, vice president of an Illinois corporation, married, two children, a dislike for avocados, and frequent stories in the big-time slicks."

AMERICA'S roads are woefully inadequate. Instead of improving, they're getting worse. Last year, for example, 40,000 miles of the country's main highway network fell below the lowest toleration standards. During the same period only 23,000 miles were modernized. Add this net loss of 17,000 miles of vital highways to the annual net losses that we've chalked up in previous years and you get an idea of why the nation is facing the biggest construction job in its history—making our roads safe and adequate.

"Few experienced reporters," said **TRIS COFFIN** who wrote "Modern Cars Ride Ancient Roads," "are shocked by any assignment, but I was when I discovered what bad shape our highways are in. This weakness could knock our economy into a slump or paralyze our defense if the nation were attacked. This is a story all of us ought to know."

Coffin is a lanky Hoosier who was once described as a "virile, bare-



## Locate your plant within 500 miles of half the nation's population!



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**MARKETS:** Overnight freight to most of the nation's major markets... and to the world-famous Port of Newport News.

**MANPOWER:** Richmond is 36% ABOVE THE NATIONAL AVERAGE IN NET VALUE of manufactured product per worker... holds 5th place in labor stability.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Industrial Development Department will gladly send you aerial photographs, topographical maps, detailed tax data, water analysis and other confidential information on these and other available sites.

### C & O's "Pin-Point" surveys are strictly confidential

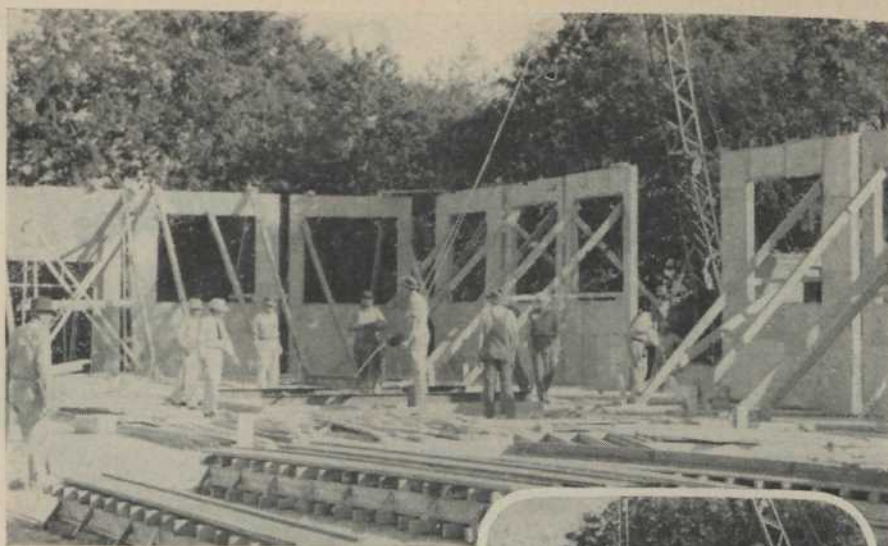
Finding the right spot for your new plant can be a costly, time-consuming job for you and your organization. Let our experts in this field make the task easy by preparing a special **PIN-POINT** survey to meet your requirements. For further information write Chesapeake and Ohio, Industrial Development Dept., Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio.



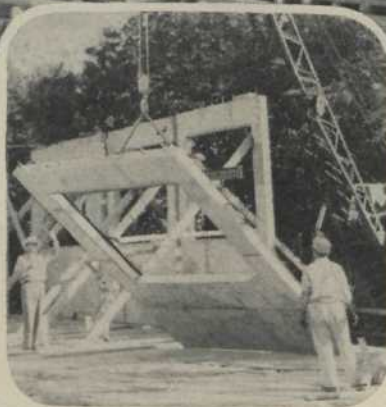
## Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

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## Cutting Costs and Speeding Construction by Building Walls **HORIZONTALLY**



"Tilt-up" is one of many concrete construction procedures Portland Cement Association engineers helped develop. As the name implies, wall panels are cast flat, then hoisted into position. By making maximum use of mechanical equipment, tilt-up saves time, money and materials. Such savings are especially important for building the warehouses, factories, barracks, hangars and other structures urgently needed in the national defense program.

Findings like this resulting from PCA research and development are immediately made available free to architects, engineers and contractors through the Association's field engineering service and its educational and promotional work. For more than one-third of a century this activity, voluntarily financed by the Association's 67 member companies, has represented an important contribution to the building of America. Today, for example, as a result of this work:

Owners, investors and taxpayers get **low-annual-cost** construction, rugged strength, maximum firesafety and enduring beauty in concrete factories, hospitals, schools, stores, public buildings.

Home owners get charming, firesafe concrete houses that offer unexcelled comfort the year around, have longer life, require fewer repairs and maintenance and cost less **per year** to live in.

Farmers, striving to increase food supplies, get maximum yields at minimum cost with concrete improvements that save feed and labor and protect livestock health.

Motorists enjoy safe, smooth-riding concrete roads and streets that serve for many years at lower **annual** cost than other pavements.

## **PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION** 33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

knuckled reporter who combines the pith and thoughtful analysis of history with the swiftness and drama of expert journalesse." His best seller five years ago about the President, "Missouri Compromise," won praise from reviewers and a noticeably cold shoulder from the White House.

He has been describing Washington for 11 years as correspondent for two radio networks and a television network, as a syndicated columnist and as a magazine writer.

SHORTLY after **WALTER TROHAN** completed his article on the Burning Tree Country Club, we asked



TRIBUNE STUDIO

him for a sketch of himself which could be used in this column. "All my life," replied Trohan, who is chief of the Washington Bureau of the Chicago *Tribune*, "editors have been asking

for thousands of words about everything from what goes on at Rochedos Sao Pedro e Sao Paulo to how long the next presidential fireside chat will be.

"Never have I been stopped for an answer. But your request floors me."

Fortunately, he was able to bounce right back up and dig into his past.

"From my earliest years," he recalled, "I was determined to be a lawyer. But the night I graduated from high school I was offered a job as a cub reporter. I accepted with some hesitation, and, except for four years out for college, have been in newspaper work ever since. I've never regretted my choice.

"At Notre Dame I didn't make the team, but I was in the top level of Monday morning quarterbacks as the late Knute Rockne could attest.

"As for golf, I could never take the game seriously, especially in the middle distances. Somehow it lost its serious note for me when the late White House Secretary Marvin Hunter McIntyre plunked seven balls in a row in a water hazard at the Miami Biltmore. That round couldn't be finished for laughter, especially after McIntyre heaved the bag and clubs in after the balls and stalked to the clubhouse."

For exercise Trohan prefers walking without impediment of grass cutters—and we presume without golf clubs, though he hasn't said so.



► **PLATEAU**—about where it is. That's business outlook for last half, 1952. Perhaps slight dip this month and next as vacations cut into production, sales. Possibility after that: Slight up.

► **U. S. ECONOMY HAS** inflation insurance in its stand-by plant capacity. Sharp rise in consumer demand could be met by putting to work plant now in excess of current need.

Thus there's slight chance that shortages could cause price inflation.

Nation has vastly broadened the base of its plant for civilian goods—as well as for defense.

Just how much civilian base broadening, how quickly it came, is shown in business pattern of past 18 months.

War-scare buying brought rising prices, threat of shortages in first quarter, '51.

Personal consumption figures soared from a 1950 level of \$193,600,000,000 to a first quarter '51 rate of \$208,800,000,000.

Manufacturers met that demand—and built up price-softening inventories.

Because demand has fallen off? Nope. Personal spending rate in first quarter this year topped the record-breaking war-scare figure of the year before. It was \$209,000,000,000.

Why down-trending prices with such a high demand? Ability to produce has been expanded to meet it—and more.

What about labor—where would manufacturers get people to increase production when we already have practically full employment?

They already have the labor. Full employment figures hide a four-month-old downtrend in hours worked per week.

Labor Department figures show work week hit a high of 41.2 hours in December.

By April it had slipped to 40. In 1943 it was 44.9—which indicates a play of at least 11 per cent in labor already at work.

► **MATERIALS—AS WELL** as plant capacity—move toward abundance.

Evidence: their price movements.

Fifteen-month slide in sensitive commodities included in Bureau of Labor Statistics index leveled out in May with little recovery since.

Five commodities listed in the index had dropped 50 per cent or more from their post-Korea peaks—wool tops, bur-lap, cottonseed oil, tallow, hides.

Ten dropped 25 per cent or more—including tin, print cloth, lard, shellac, rubber.

Only one—barley—showed rise over post-Korea peak.

► **THERE'S A BIG SWING** taking place in Government's cash position. Watch for its effect on your business. During first half of this year Treasury has taken in more than it's paid out—in cash. Difference in final figures may reach \$4,000,000,000.

That's because huge tax payments have more than covered huge spending.

But larger part of tax payments are in now—and spending rate still goes up. Defense may take as much as \$1,000,000,000 more per month by year's end.

So during last half Treasury will pay out far more than it takes in. Deficit possibly will reach \$10,000,000,000 for last half of this year.

That's a big switch. What's its likely effect?

Practically, deficit spending means cheaper money—so Government can borrow at lower rates on supported bonds.

Which would encourage financing institutions to sell Government bonds profitably, put proceeds into higher paying mortgages and other loans.

So there would be a rise in home building, stiffening of markets for refrigerators, furniture, floor coverings, related lines.

Another up factor: Rising defense expenditures will add to payrolls, consumers' disposable income. Or act to offset any further softening in civilian lines.

So stage is set—theoretically—for rising business level.

But how certain is performance of that economic theory? It's not mechanical. There's no drawbar connecting peoples' income with their willingness to spend.

Situation at midway point year ago was about same as today's.

What happened? Gross national product rose steadily through the year—from \$319,500,000,000 annual rate in first quarter to \$334,600,000,000 in the last.

Disposable personal income followed



same pattern—up from \$216,500,000,000 rate in first quarter to \$227,200,000,-000 in fourth.

But personal consumption expenditures—and these are what determine business climate—dropped from \$208,800,000,000 rate in first quarter to \$206,700,000,-000 in the last.

So the big question still remains: What will the consumer do?

► EMPLOYMENT STAYS FULL despite cutbacks in many consumer goods lines.

That's because defense—in one branch or another—makes more jobs.

Example: South Carolina is a textile state. Yet its insured unemployment rate is below national average.

Reason: Atomic Energy Commission's huge Savannah River project at Aiken, S. C., employs 31,000 construction workers—and will put another 14,000 to work by fall, if it can find them.

So there are 45,000 new jobs to absorb whatever unemployment there might be among the 109,000 persons who normally make their living in the state's textile plants.

Atomic prosperity spreads across the river to Augusta, Ga., where department store sales last month ran 45 per cent ahead of year ago figures.

New project will spread over 250,000 acres, cost \$1,100,000,000. Completion is scheduled for 1954.

► GREAT CHANGES are taking place within industries—perhaps in yours.

Industry aggregate figures fail to show broad shifts in markets, materials, financing, other factors.

Let's look at construction industry for example:

New construction in five months this year totals \$11,918,000,000. That's 3.5 per cent rise over same period of '51.

But within that rise are these changes:

Private construction—largest segment of the industry—is off 4.4 per cent.

New public construction is up 25.1 per cent.

Highway building is biggest volume classification in public construction. It's up ten per cent.

Military and naval facilities (airports, troop accommodations) are up 186 per cent.

Public industrial—this includes

atomic energy—is up 94 per cent.

Thus, building's up. But not private building.

► WATCH OUT for the big red tomato in Bureau of Labor Statistics Consumers' Price Index—to which pay scales in many labor contracts are tied.

Because of it, index may point up when cost of living actually falls.

Let's look, for example, at Government's price index for April.

It shows .4 per cent rise in "retail prices of goods and services bought by moderate income families" between March 15 and April 15.

But was there such a rise?

Biggest single factor in this statistical compilation is food. Clothing was down. So were house furnishings. Fuel, refrigeration and electricity were unchanged while rent and miscellaneous (less important factors than food) each rose by .4 per cent.

Among foods, cereals and bakery products were down. So were meats, poultry, fish, dairy products, fats and oils.

Eggs moved up slightly. There was a barely perceptible rise in beverages. Sugar and sweets rose about 1 per cent, but these have little weight in the survey.

So the cost of living rise stems from higher prices for fresh fruits and vegetables—including the big red tomato at 35.5 cents a pound, compared with last year's in-season price of 17.1 cents.

This classification jumped from an index figure of 248.4 to 272.8.

Fresh fruits and vegetables make up 4.93 per cent of the index total values. Thus the 9.8 per cent rise in their prices accounts for the total rise in cost of living.

But why did fresh fruits and vegetables rise so sharply?

Because there was a short crop—so they weren't on the market for consumers to buy.

► BE CAREFUL OF "year ago" comparisons in wholesale buying reports.

Both buyer attendance, order volume are reported higher on consumers' goods lines from women's wear to toys.

Seems to show things are picking up. But does it?

Year ago retail outlets were burdened with big inventories built up during



# washington letter

scare buying spurt, which had subsided.

So at that time stores were buying less than they were selling, whittling down their inventories.

Thus rise in stores' buying now, compared with year ago, shows only that stocks on hand are less burdensome. Retail sales may be up—or down.

► ARE DEPARTMENT STORES losing their customary share of retail trade?

"Yes," says Malcolm P. McNair, professor of retailing at Harvard's Graduate School of Business. He's one of nation's top authorities.

Using 1939 as index point of 100, Dr. McNair finds disposable income reached 317 last year. On the same scale, retail sales hit 358.

But department store sales lagged at 295, variety stores at 258.

Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward were above retail average with index of 345.

Further department store troubles: Costs move up, profits down.

Last year earnings of 2.3 per cent of sales (after taxes) hit lowest point since 1938.

► ECONOMY—THAT'S watchword in store operations this summer as profit margin shrinks.

So management looks at payrolls—next to merchandise in cost line-up.

Pay can't be cut because of competition for people in most localities. And it's on the lower end of relative pay scales already.

But payroll can be cut without cutting pay. Here's how: Some big stores aren't replacing staff losses with full-time staffers. Instead they find housewives (girls who've quit to get married are prospects) who have need, desire for few hours of work a day.

These women are hired for heavy traffic periods only. Thus payroll doesn't bear full weight of staff in off-rush hours.

► TURN DOWN in farm profits doesn't necessarily foreshadow drop in farmland price tags.

These tags today are 2½ times higher than 1941 levels—on average price per acre. It's highest level in history—more than 20 per cent above post World War I peak, which came in 1920.

But about half farms that have changed

hands in recent years have been acquired for cash. Longer amortization period mortgages reduce possibility of pinch, and forced sales.

Although farm mortgage debt has increased since World War II, ratio of debt to income (or to assets) is far more favorable than at 1920 price peak.

► FEEL WEALTHY as you note ever-rising figures of many economic indicators?

Take a look at your share of America's assets:

National Industrial Conference Board finds per capita share of national wealth in 1928 was \$3,400—in 1929 dollars.

By 1948 it had dropped to \$3,200—again measured in the same 1929 dollar values. That's a six per cent drop.

Over same period public wealth per capita (physical assets under government control) rose from \$250 to \$500.

Shake that out, and private wealth has dropped from \$3,100 to \$2,700 per person—a nearly 13 per cent drop.

Board also finds that federal debt per family now is \$5,700—about 100 times the 1910 figure.

Because size of average family has declined, each American's share of the federal debt is 140 times 1910's figure.

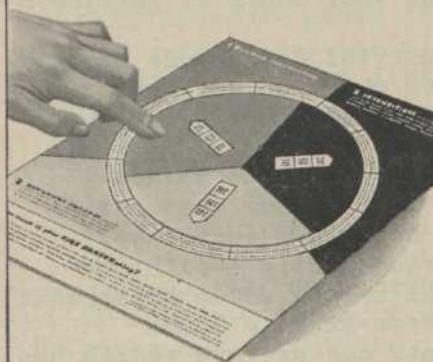
► BRIEFS: Shrimp boats are acomin'—with

TV cameras fixed to the nets so pilots may see what's around down there. Gibbs Corporation of Jacksonville installs them. . . . Promoters of a 103-mile conveyor belt freight line from Lake Erie to the Ohio River—turned down twice by Ohio Legislature—will seek right of eminent domain again. . . . Rebuilt Japan threatens to upset world markets with its low-price textile production. . . . Six of the 15 U. S. trunk airlines went into the red in first quarter. Only one lost money last year. . . . Vacations this summer will cut further into production figures than into personal income—because of the spread of paid vacations. . . . Overhanging international wool market: 200,000 tons of it—120,000,000 suits with vests and cuffs—in storage in the Argentine, backed up by Peron-set price above world market bids. . . . Now we know what "The Thing" is. It's an expression—used by Ike 24 times in answering questions at his first political press conference.



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*By My Way*

BY MY WAY



## Political year

THIS is a political year, or so I am told, and sometimes I feel that I should come out and take a decisive stand. At other times I feel that I should not do so, because if I selected the wrong candidate I might be liable for damages, or a writ of replevin, or a court order to insure compliance—or something like that; I am not as well versed in the law as I could wish. In a general way, however, I am in favor of honesty in public office; I will defend efficiency to my last breath; I am all out for economy, provided none of my pet projects suffers; if I am convinced that any candidate for any office is wiser and better than any other candidate I will vote for that man, even though I have to make the supreme sacrifice and stand in line ten minutes to do it.

Of necessity these lines are written early in the campaign, and it is only reasonable that I should listen to arguments which may later cause me to change my mind. But this is the way I feel today.

## This wobbly earth

I WAS alarmed to learn that the earth has a wobble in its movements, caused, so scientists believe, by wind pressure on the Rockies,



the Andes and other great mountain ranges. If this continues I believe we will have to take those mountains down. A wobbling earth is dangerous; sooner or later somebody is going to fall off and where will he fall to? I wish scientists would stop finding out things like that.

Why can't they stick to things a person likes to read about? Or

suggest ways of tightening up the North and South Poles so that the earth won't wobble?

## History upside down

THE IMMINENT arrival of Independence Day set me to thinking of how it would have been if in 1776 this country had had three times the population of Great Britain, as it has today, instead of about one third, as was really the case. I presume that history would have been reversed, and that Britain would have fought a war to become independent of us. If she had done this and won she would no doubt be celebrating the Glorious Fourth with firecrackers, fireworks, speeches and picnics and we would be sitting gloomily on our hands, or—worse yet—working. On the whole, I am glad things are as they are instead of being otherwise.

## The Fourth—Then and now

THE STANDARD of living has risen greatly in this country since some of us were boys. There was a time when a boy felt rich on the morning of the Fourth of July if he had: a bicycle; several packs of medium-sized firecrackers; a few giant firecrackers that could be set off under a tin pail; some Roman candles, a few pin wheels and a sizable sky rocket or two. He could get through the day and evening on this supply. What a similar boy has to have today to be equally happy I hardly know, but I am sure there has to be more of it and that it costs more. But the boy gets it, I imagine, just as his predecessor got what simpler things he wanted. This is what I mean when I say the standard of living has risen. Because a standard of living isn't just something you want, it is not an aspiration, it is not a figure of speech—it is something you can see and heft.

## Romance and two weeks off

OF COURSE there are weddings in June. Every one who reads the newspapers knows that. What I



am wondering about is how many of these weddings actually originate in July and August, when young persons on vacation, aided by a moon, the ripple of water under a canoe, the scent of flowers (or of new-mown hay, which all but made Maud Muller a jurist's wife), and so on, et cetera, tend to look on one another with favorable eyes. I don't believe all vacation romances terminate when the parties are back at work, but some undoubtedly do, and the question for the statistician is, how many? This leads to the further question whether marriages entered into between persons on vacation are more durable than, as durable as or less durable than marriages entered into between persons who know each other under more prosaic circumstances. But I imagine that young folks who really want to get married usually do so, under whatever circumstances. This is, in vacation and otherwise, a free country.

### "Dear, dead ladies"

SOME young lady in Greece in the fourth century B.C. (I am sure she was young) had a gold earring, with a lion's head for ornament. An American expedition from Chicago dug it up. Of course the lady



does not need it now. It did its part; it charmed some young man (I am sure he was young), and both lived happily ever after. To be sure, no "ever after" lasts 23 centuries, and the thought of the loveliest of today's ladies after the dust of the year 4,252 begins to blow is chilly. But that doesn't really worry anybody. We'll all be ancient and our cities and our trinkets will some day be excavated and considered quaint, but happily we don't believe it. At least, I don't.

### Travel notes

OUR RECENT Caribbean journey (ours in the domestic rather than the editorial sense of the pronoun) yielded some observations and reflections that interest me. For instance: all ports are beautiful at sunset, especially when one is leaving them at that hour. . . . The West Indian tropics are not any hotter than the so-called temperate zone;

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they are merely hot more of the time; ask a New Yorker, ask a Washingtonian; ask anybody who looks honest. . . . We looked for the Southern Cross but couldn't find it. Somebody said we should look for it after midnight. What use is a constellation if you have to sit up all night to inspect it? . . . In Caracas you are not allowed in a public building, restaurant and so on unless you wear a coat. That's an old Spanish custom. If I had had time I would have defied this edict and found out if one had to have a coat to get into jail. . . . I had thought of Trinidad as a big pitch lake surrounded by a fringe of land. This is not the case. On the other hand, Curaçao smells more of oil, when the wind is right, than it does of the precious liqueur which bears its name. . . . Vast areas of Latin America need roads. I asked our guide in Cartagena if it was possible to drive from there to Caracas. "Ah," he replied, "between Cartagena and Caracas there is no road—there is an adventure." . . . It



struck me one day, as we rolled around a bit between Cartagena and Jamaica, that the sea itself might make a better highway if it were made of something thicker than water—molasses, for instance. Water is too movable, too easily turned into waves. Of course molasses wouldn't be so good to swim in. . . . Nature is a wasteful lady; she takes as much trouble to make lovely clouds over the Caribbean, where few persons see them, as over populous cities. But wastefulness is one of the dear lady's charms.

#### And travels noted

I LOVE children, even on ship-board. I love them even when I lie awake in my bed at sea, shortly after dawn, and hear the thunder of little feet and the roar of happy little voices on the deck above. I just don't love them so much at those times. . . . During this tropical vacation, aboard ship and in comfortable chairs on shore, I developed a positive genius, first, for desultory reading, then, for light to medium thinking, finally, as in the old saying, for just setting. But I am told there is no market for this



skill. People insist that if everybody were like that this would not be the great nation that it is. Now I am painfully trying to learn to like work again. I realize, of course, that if it weren't for work play wouldn't be so much fun. . . . If I must have an occupation I thought perhaps I would like to be part of the crew of a tug, maybe the *Diana* of La Guaira or the *St. Patrick* of Trinidad. Tugs must enjoy life—there are such long waits between jobs. I think it was the *St. Patrick* that came up, gave our ship a delicate nudge amidships, tooted and went off to lunch. . . . Sometimes even a conscientious tourist rises in his majesty and pulls off a bloodless revolution. In the British island of Antigua my wife and I stoutly refused to be driven across the moors to the old dockyard over which the late Admiral Horatio Nelson once presided. We were told that our lives would in consequence be forever incomplete, as no doubt they are. We had a good time swimming in the balmy water of a lovely beach. The proprietor of our hotel complained of false reports of sharks and barracuda menacing the lives of bathers. We saw no fish of any kind—not even the innocent, edible sort—except when cooked. And we did not feel menaced.

It is hard to feel menaced in those waters.

### *It's nice to be alive*

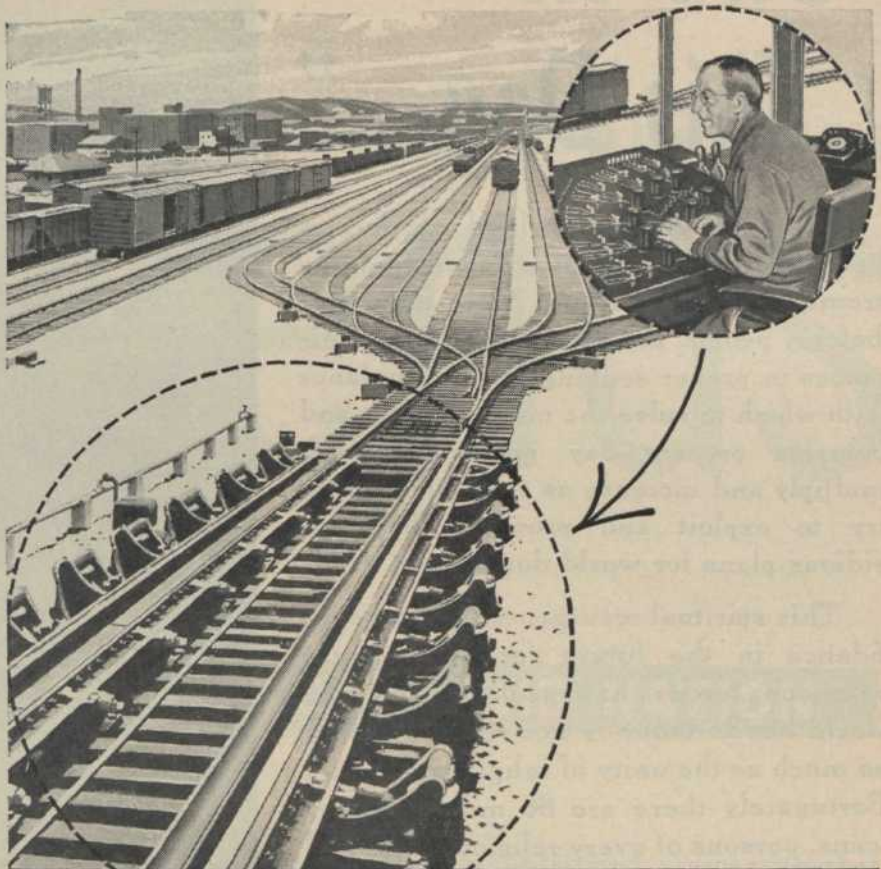
AT ST. PIERRE, on Martinique, we saw a new town on the site of an old one that was destroyed by a volcanic eruption half a century ago. The site was attractive and



nobody seemed to be worrying about a new eruption. Stevenson once wrote of this quaint habit of the human race of returning to spots that were possibly dangerous—the soil was rich and nobody really believes in disaster until it comes.

But the truth is the whole earth is dangerous; to be alive is to be in peril, and each generation passes away in turn and is gathered to its fathers.

But do not mistake me—I would rather be alive and in danger than not be alive.



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These average Americans have an opportunity each and every day to make a personal contribution toward the future welfare and security of our land. That is why we are asking our policyholders and all other freedom-loving Americans to make the following practical 8 point program a part of their everyday life.

1. See that other Americans are fully and correctly informed about the true objectives and methods of communism and its danger to all we hold dear.
2. Encourage religion in your community. Attend and support the Church of your choice. The Word of God is the weapon most feared by the communists.
3. Take an active interest in public affairs. ALWAYS vote in elections—get others out to vote.
4. Support the election to public office of candidates who understand the scope and seriousness of the communist problem and agree to work for its elimination.
5. Be fair with your Government. In the interest of fair play and sound economy, vote on the basis of what you feel is best for the country and not on the basis of "what's good for me." Our Government will be only as strong as we make it.
6. Take a vital interest in the education of your children. Get to know their teachers. Know how school books are selected and what they contain. Be sure that communist poison is not being administered right under your very eyes.
7. Don't join groups—don't sign petitions, UNLESS YOU FIRST INVESTIGATE THEM! Communists have so perverted such appealing words as "peace" "freedom" "youth" and "mother" that any organization or document using these or similar words should be questioned until you know who is behind it.
8. If any evidence of communism at work should come to your attention, get in touch with your nearest FBI office. Give them all the facts and then forget about it, unless asked by the FBI to do otherwise.

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# OF NATION'S BUSINESS Trends



BY FELIX MORLEY

## THE STATE OF THE NATION

IN HIS argument before the Supreme Court, opposing the President's seizure of the steel industry, John W. Davis paid a high compliment to the general level of political education in the United States. The reasons for the beheading of King Charles I of England, said Mr. Davis, are "known in basic outline by most Americans."

That flattering assumption may well have been true 60 years ago, when this great Constitutional lawyer was himself graduating from college. But it is almost certainly an exaggeration today. Nor is it difficult to put the question to convincing test. One need only ask a group of friends to summarize the causes of England's Puritan Revolution, three centuries ago. Either ribaldry or bewilderment, rather than any informative "basic outline," is likely to be the response.

Yet, as Mr. Davis pointed out to the Court, the fundamental issue involved in the steel case cannot really be understood without some knowledge of history antedating the establishment of our own republic. For President Truman's claim to a vast and undefined "inherent power," uncontrollable by Congress or by the courts, is precisely the royal claim that the English people were finally successful in repudiating. And that long struggle against autocracy is as much a part of our heritage as is the language in which this article is written. In the words of Mr. Davis:

"It was the continued effort of the English

Crown to exercise unfettered prerogative that culminated in the War of Independence and the establishment of the United States under the form of government provided in the Constitution."

There is, of course, a distinction between the basis of the claim to dictatorial power put forward by Charles Stuart and by Harry S. Truman. The Stuart monarch argued that he ruled by "divine right." The Democratic President asserts that the nature of his office implies the power to take arbitrary action in an emergency which he may himself declare and define. This distinction, however, is more apparent than real. It is no longer fashionable to argue that rulers derive political authority from God. But to say that executive office by its nature implies supreme authority is to make virtually the same assertion in other words.

The theory of rule by divine right, upheld by Charles I even on the scaffold, was justified by a subtle syllogism. The major premise was: *Resistance to divine authority is unlawful*. On that morally minded people will still agree. But this was followed by the fallacious minor premise: *The king derives his authority from God*. If one accepted this second axiom there could be no quarrel with the logical conclusion: *Resistance to the king is never lawful*.

The syllogism collapsed before the Puritan contention that all men, subjects as well as kings, derive whatever authority they possess from God. And that argument, which is both the spiritual



and the political basis of modern democratic theory, was dominant in the minds of those who wrote the Constitution of the United States. These early Americans would have no king, because the automatic royal inheritance of executive office gave color to the theory of rule by divine right. In England the danger of tyranny inherent in the Crown had led to the desperate remedy invoked by Oliver Cromwell when he said of Charles: "We will cut off his head with the crown on it." The Founding Fathers argued that here any such dismal outcome would be averted by placing executive power in the hands of an elected president. He was to be only a presiding officer, subject to impeachment, who after four years must go before the electorate if he desired a renewal of his limited term of limited authority.

That an American President would ever claim the same authoritarian power once asserted by English kings would have seemed inconceivable to most people until quite recently. And the reason for this strange, and definitely reactionary, development certainly merits consideration.

One factor, unquestionably, has been the growth in the magnitude of national problems and the consequent tendency steadily to enlarge the power of the executive in dealing with these problems. As the federal Government assumes all sorts of new functions, the President, as Chief Executive, comes to control an ever-expanding concentration of power. Given this trend, the time was sure to come when some President would argue that his power is unlimited.

Moreover, almost every instance of enlarged executive power has been justified by a plea of "emergency" of one kind or another. This argument of emergency, which is certainly plausible these days, has led to the adoption of a new syllogism, strikingly similar to that which supported the "divine right" theory. As reasoned by President Truman and his advisers the premises and conclusion of this syllogism seem convincing to many.

The major premise is: *The welfare of the people is paramount.* The minor premise is: *Only the President can act firmly and expeditiously in an emergency.* From this follows a seemingly logical conclusion: *In an emergency there can be no limit to the power of the President in behalf of the general welfare.*

But most people realize that there is something wrong with that conclusion. And, as in the English parallel three centuries ago, the fallacy is in the minor premise. It is fortunately not true that

only the President can act firmly and quickly in an emergency. Indeed, the greater the emergency the greater the danger of bull-headed individual leadership, the greater the need for such cool and collective deliberation as Congress and the Courts can provide.

Three centuries ago it took a bloody civil war in England to end the theory of the "divine right of kings." Nor was the battle won when Charles I lost his head. As John W. Davis told the Supreme Court, a similar claim by George III brought on the American Revolution, since when no English monarch has tried to be an autocrat. Yet a similar political aberration now arises in our republic. "History," said Mr. Davis, "repeats itself."

It is ironic that this should be the case. Those Americans who defied executive autocracy on July 4, 1776, surely did not anticipate that the same issue would still be a bone of contention here on July 4, 1952. But so, in spite of the Supreme Court decision, it is.

A minority of three justices upheld the Presidential claim. Probably that minority—one third of the Court—accurately represents the proportion of Americans who remain unconvinced of the justice and wisdom of the verdict. The case against executive dictatorship is not really settled if so large a minority still does not realize the vital principle that is involved.

In his famous study of "Democracy in America," Alexis de Tocqueville, more than a century ago, wrote of our Constitution: "One is startled at the variety of information and the amount of discernment that it presupposes." The political discernment to which this French observer referred is not acquired automatically.

Modern American education unquestionably provides the "variety of information" that de Tocqueville called necessary to good citizenship. It is not so successful in teaching "discernment." Otherwise our people would have realized, long before the President seized the steel industry, that action of an arbitrary character follows naturally and indeed inevitably from long preliminary extension of the executive function.

More than a court decision, and more than a change of President, will be necessary definitely to reverse a trend towards centralized power that has now been gaining strength for many years. Also necessary is a much clearer public appreciation of what has always happened when the chief executive, at any place or time, has claimed what John W. Davis called "unfettered prerogative." Our system of government assumes that the average citizen will himself realize that his own eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. If he lacks the discernment to see this for himself, neither Congress nor the courts can be a wholly reliable safeguard for his individual liberty.





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BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

## WASHINGTON MOOD

**T**HESE are days when the party strategists, looking beyond Chicago, dream of a landslide victory.

They like to envision a triumph so immense that it will leave the opposition flattened and discredited under an avalanche of votes. This is understandable. But experience has shown that a lopsided victory has its dangers as well as advantages.

Only one election need be cited to make the point, that of 1936. Franklin D. Roosevelt, having carried 46 of the 48 states that year, interpreted the landslide to be a "mandate" to pack the Supreme Court. He was thwarted by the Senate, but only by the narrowest of margins. One consequence of his attack on the high tribunal was that large numbers of voters deserted the Democratic party, thereby helping the Republicans to recapture some of their lost strength.

The ideal situation for this country, most political scientists feel, is one in which both major parties are strong, healthy and full of fight.

In this connection, the Democratic party appears to have undergone a sharp change in outlook. The defeatism of last winter has given way to an upsurge of hope, which is reflected in the spirited battle for the Democratic nomination for President.

What brought about this bullishness in the party of Jefferson and Jackson?

It started, apparently, when President Truman announced that he would not run for another term. At first many Democrats were dismayed. Then they noticed that the Republicans were not very happy about Mr. Truman's decision. They noticed, too, that the South was more inclined to reserve judgment on the question of bolting. Adding up these and other things—and taking heart from the bitter fight in the Republican party—the Democrats began to tell themselves that they had been altogether too gloomy about their prospects.

Mr. Truman's role in this situation is of interest because it promises to lead to something new in American politics. In one sense, he is out of

the picture; in another, he is very much in it. This raises a question: If, as many believe, Mr. Truman has helped his party by not running, can he also help it by campaigning for another?

Ordinarily, a President who is on his way out of the White House is a lonely figure, a soon-to-be "has been," overshadowed by the candidates who are fighting for his job. It may be that Mr. Truman will be overshadowed; it may be, indeed, that vast numbers of his countrymen will not be at all interested in what he has to say about the issues of 1952. But Mr. Truman does not think so.

His private railroad car, the "Ferdinand Magellan," has been overhauled, and he himself is ready for another ambitious tour of the whistle stops. He says he will campaign just as hard for the new democratic standard bearer as he would for himself.

There are several precedents, of course, for a President in office helping to elect a would-be successor. Jefferson not only handpicked his successor, Madison, but his successor's successor, Monroe, and used all of his power and influence to help them get elected. Theodore Roosevelt did the same thing in the case of William Howard Taft in 1908.

However, there is no precedent in our history for the large-scale speaking tour that Mr. Truman has in mind for himself as an outgoing President. He expects to criss-cross the United States, much as he did in 1948. To hear him talk about it—and he talks about it a lot—the Republican nominee is going to find himself running against two men.

But, it might be asked, where is the money coming from to finance two Democratic campaign trains?

A reporter put this up to Mr. Truman one day at a news conference. The President conceded that it was a problem, and he recalled times in 1948 when he wondered if his train would ever get out of the station. But it always did, he said, and the implication was that the same would be true this year—that the money would be raised some way or other.

Mr. Truman has at least two motives in planning to tour the whistle stops in an effort to put another Democrat in the White House.

First, he realizes that he and the Fair Deal will be the big issue in '52. He

OF NATION'S BUSINESS  
**Trends**



# Trends

wants to be vindicated, knowing that a Republican victory in November will be a blow to his seven-year record as President.

Second, he loves the political arena. He calls himself a politician (explaining that a statesman is a dead politician), and he tells all who will listen that politics is the great American game, one that has baseball, football and golf backed off the map. He thinks he knows more about the political game than anybody in the country, and he points to his upset victory in 1948 to prove it.

The Missouri warrior has been tuning up in the past couple of months, mostly here in Washington. He has accepted all kinds of invitations, and has delighted his audiences with his old-fashioned oratory. He remains one of the world's poorest speakers when forced to read from a manuscript, but a very engaging one when talking off the cuff. Of course, in speaking extemporaneously, he sometimes utters words that he has to eat afterwards, but this does not seem to worry him much.

There isn't much that's new in the President's 1952 political spiel. The villain still is the same as in 1948—the "special interests." He says, as he did the last time, that the Republican party is the party of "big business," and that it "would like to turn the country back to the big corporations and the big bankers in New York to run it."

He heartens the Democrats by telling them how the Republican party can be depended upon to blunder and "save the day" for the Democratic party. Just leave the Republicans alone, he says, and they will wind up by "scaring the daylights" out of the farmer, the wage earner, and Americans in general.

He continues to regale audiences with stories he told in 1948, including the one about himself and Gen. George C. Marshall. It concerns his effort to get back into the Army in 1941 when he was 56 and a member of the U. S. Senate, and General Marshall's advice to him: "You are too old. Go back and stay in the Senate. You can do more good there than you can commanding an artillery outfit."

Mr. Truman always gets a laugh when he goes to work on Dr. George Gallup, Elmo Roper and the other pollsters, and he can be expected to work on them a lot in the months ahead. He boasts that his victory in '48 set back the science of forecasting for "a full generation," and he expresses the hope that it set it back "forever."

He also tears into the "sabotage press" and the American Medical Association, saying of the AMA that it "hates the Administration worse than it hates the devil."

What about the issues—about corruption in

government, Korea and some of the other things that are of concern to the voters this year? Anybody who thinks Mr. Truman is going to be on the defensive here has another thought coming.

"Well now, there is no such thing," he said recently in answering the corruption charge. "There have been several collectors (of Internal Revenue) and one or two other fellows gone wrong, and whenever it has come to the attention of the President, he has fired them and ordered a grand jury investigation; and some of them are being prosecuted and some of them have already been sentenced.

"But they don't want to call attention to the fact," he says of the Republicans, "that at one time before we did have corruption in government, and it was at the top and nothing was done about it until a committee of the Senate dug up the Teapot Dome scandal and they had to go to work on it."

As for Korea, he doesn't stop with justifying his decision to fight the Communists there; he goes on to insist that the sacrifices of Americans and their allies in Korea have brought "tremendous gains" to the free world.

He says that the Communists have failed utterly to achieve their goal in Korea. And, as a result of Korea, he adds, the United States and its allies are "infinitely better prepared" than they were when the shooting started two years ago this month.

If the Communist attack in Korea had not been met head-on, Mr. Truman argues, the United Nations would have fallen apart, other parts of Asia would have been overrun, and we would now be well on the way to "a disintegration of freedom in the whole world."

Mr. Truman, as his political foes know, prefers the give-'em-hell technique, and he is lining up a good many targets for his whistle-stop tour—the power companies, Senator Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin, "mossbacks," "crackpots," and so on.

Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York, in explaining away his 1948 defeat, said recently that he didn't think the people would take Mr. Truman's rantings any more seriously than they took those of William Jennings Bryan. That was a costly miscalculation on Dewey's part.

Whether the President will be as effective this time is one of the great imponderables of the campaign. In any case, it is not likely that the Republicans will underestimate him.

"It is a matter of salesmanship," Mr. Truman says in telling how to woo the voters.

Will they turn out for him again at the whistle stops? The chances are that they will. Americans like to listen to an entertaining "salesman," whether or not they intend to buy.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD





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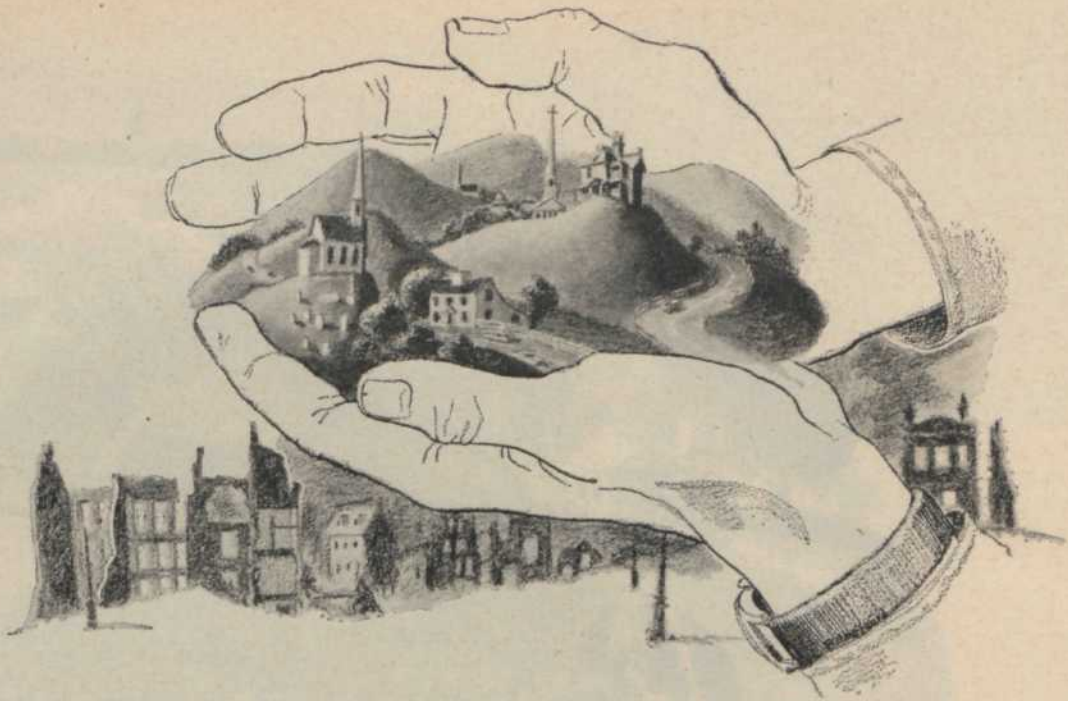
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*Since our nation's birth, the people have been*  
*democracy's keeper and* **FIRM IS**  
**THEIR FREEDOM**

By **DAVID L. COHN**

**A**MONG the crowds of American soldiers at the airport in Karachi, India, it was easy to distinguish the men going home to the States from those going on to stations in the Orient. The former were like men drunk with love. They were indeed in love with their vision of home. About their heads hovered an aura of happiness. The genius of survival shone in their eyes. They had won through. Their greatest adventure lay behind them. Ahead of them, around the curve of the horizon's rim, was the land that contained the town that contained the street that contained the house which, of all the lands, towns, streets, houses in the world, was the dearest.

But the other men were sombre in spirit. Only three days before they had been part of the people and

scenes they had always known. Now they were at an airport in the Sind Desert. They went still half appareled in the light that was home; and half in the garments of the dark future. War is not a novel of high romance that one may read by beginning at the end.

Our plane became air-borne. By day its propellers beat high thin air into fine-spun silver. By night its exhausts poured torrents of bronze-gold light into rivers of flowing blackness. Abadan . . . Cairo . . . Tripoli . . . Casablanca . . . Jerusalem ("on earth peace, good will to men") . . . Azores . . . Newfoundland . . . mountains, seas, deserts, Indian voices, Arab voices, English voices, American voices, night, morning, afternoon, night again, fog, rain, sunshine, and suddenly—the dear,





the hallowed American earth. The spires of New England churches. The green commons in the tender springtime. The towers of universities where unfettered minds still sought truth. Seat belts fastened for the last time, the plane descended at New York, the eye of the traveler, accustomed to seeing the scourges of war, looked automatically for signs of bomb damage amid the forest of buildings beneath him.

As the earth rose, you asked yourself: Has God preserved this land for reasons known only to Him?

Tiny upon the American earth, tiny by the banks of the great river that held it in half embrace, lay the Mississippi town where I was born and raised.

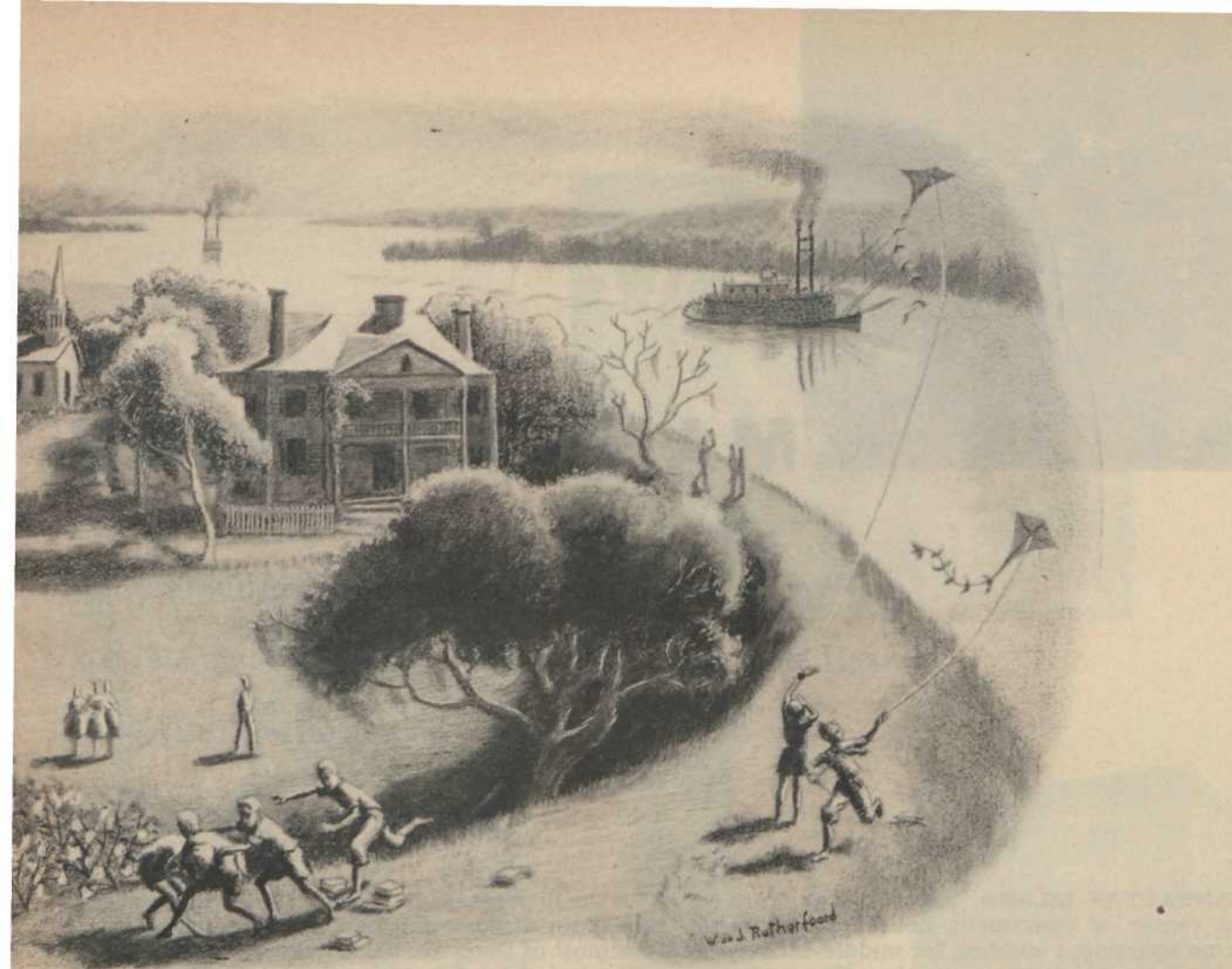
**A** LONG time ago, my then young parents, newly married, had come to it as immigrants. Strangers, they were Jews in a predominantly Gentile community. There they were received with spontaneous kindness. There they brought up their children and spent their lives in relations of affection with those around them. There they shared with others the struggles of a pioneer community against a host of plagues that afflicted it: yellow fever, malaria, floods, hard times. If they sometimes endured pain—as all men must—it was not of their neighbor's making. And as my parents were with their fel-

lows in life, so now they are one with them in death. The selfsame weeping willows descend in cascades of pale green light above their graves; the selfsame bird sings where they lie.

**WE** BOYS flew kites on the levee, twine paying out swiftly in our hands as they soared high and ever higher into the airy lanes where wild geese flew on silken wings; robbed birds' nests at the tops of cottonwood trees whose branches swayed in the breeze to the somnolent music of whispering leaves; stained our hands mahogany with the juicy hulls of green pecans; indulged in brief, furious spasms of wrasslin' with one another as we walked homeward from school along the narrowing corridor of late afternoon; looked shyly, calf-eyed, upon some girl more lovely than ever Helen was.

Mine was a small-town American boyhood; nut-brown, flowing with country juices. Into it entered the sun of the deep South, slanting rains, the catbird's cry and the mockingbird's music, the heady scent of honeysuckle thick along the ditch banks of summer-drowsy roads, the otherworldly yearnings heavy upon the heart, Negro spirituals, cotton drifting white to the farthest horizon, the restless Mississippi seeking to break the bonds with which men tried to tame it; evidence of the immutability of struggle—the primary condition of naked,





night-enshrouded man, forever seeking to return to the lost Eden whose gates are forever barred against him.

Into my boyhood there entered other things. They were not so much taught as absorbed. They were in the air one breathed; in the examples of one's teachers, the attitudes of one's elders, the daily behavior of those around one. They were American things:

A respect for every man's right to seek God in his own way even if it was not your way; a profound belief in the perfectibility both of man's spiritual nature and his material condition; the ingrained principle that men ought to help one another; a deeply rooted notion of fair play; the feeling that one man is as good as his fellow, status being a matter more of achievement than of inheritance; an unquenchable optimism; acceptance as an article of faith of the inevitability of progress.

Nor was this all. There was also the tacit assumption that the democratic way implies the code of the gentleman in the sense of decent behavior not only with respect to the letter of the law but also its spirit. For while our democracy is a system of laws, its inner being, its living essence, lies rather in men's hearts than in statute books. If, therefore, a labor leader in the midst of war paralyzes the nation by calling his men out on strike; an industrialist gouges

the military; or Ku Klux Klanners flog the helpless, men are outraged in their societal impulses and by so much is our democracy diminished.

Among us there was a strong expression of the peculiar American genius that has developed on this soil. Americans are a markedly individualistic people. Yet they have a highly developed instinct for voluntary cooperation with one another; a form of teamwork for purposes of the general welfare that is at the opposite pole from regimentation. Thus it is that Americans—to the astonishment of foreign observers—do many things through their pooled efforts as private citizens that elsewhere are done only by governments.

**FINALLY**, our society was animated by a spontaneous kindness and a reaching out for friendship. So deeply rooted in the American personality is this characteristic that nowadays we are less bewildered by the belligerence of the Russian dictators than by their rude refusal of our proffers of friendship.

America from the beginning has been a place of refuge for the sore oppressed, the heavy laden. Men representative of every racial stock came here. They were largely the poor of the earth: the destitute, the harried, the skimmed of experience, the hated, the unwanted. Their backs were bent with (Continued on page 60)





KEYSTONE VIEW

# MANHATTAN ON

*When a New Yorker, used to jammed living, finds himself on an acre with only 22 others he's pioneering.*

*It's all part of the great migration to Queens*

**By RUFUS JARMAN**

**O**N MANHATTAN ISLAND, heart of New York City and center of apartment house culture in America, no apartment building for middle-income families has been erected in more than 20 years—except for a couple of developments sponsored by an insurance company. This indicates, perhaps more clearly than anywhere else, the high cost of new apartment housing generally and has resulted in one of the more interesting migrations in the urban life of our time.

About 96 per cent of Manhattan's population lives in apartments, but the average family wishing to move there can't find one. Neither can old residents, who have had to give up their apartments for some reason or other, or who want larger quarters or want to elevate their social status. Whether they wish to or not, most of them end up in one of the thousands of postwar FHA-financed apartment units located in the remote fringes of the city, generally in the Borough of Queens.

Most postwar apartment construction throughout the country is government sponsored, and most of it is in city suburbs. But in New York—where problems common to all big cities are clearly defined, the economic obstacles to building dwellings on valuable land convenient to downtown are more obvious than elsewhere and the resulting migration to the suburbs is a more bizarre and picturesque affair. This is probably because the average, native, middle-class New Yorker is involved, and he is a bizarre and picturesque phenomenon, indeed.

While it may be an exaggeration to say that he believes that Indians dwell just west of Philadelphia, the average, native, middle-class Manhattanite regards any movement that takes him out of sound of the subway or the shadow of the Third Avenue El as a great rending of his roots and an adventure into the unknown. Depending on his individual disposition, he looks upon this either

with the hopeful eye of the pioneer or the downcast gaze of the dispossessed, particularly if he is moving—as most of them are these days—to Queens.

The borough of Queens covers 108 square miles, and is the largest in area of the five boroughs of Greater New York. It occupies all the western end of Long Island except the southwesternmost part, which is Brooklyn, the only borough with a greater population. The way Queens has been growing, there are people who believe one day it will engulf the whole of Long Island, which extends 118 miles in the direction of England. The 1950 population of Queens, 1,546,294, represents an increase of 229.6 per cent since 1920. Much of it is made up of refugees from Manhattan, whose population has fallen off by several hundred thousand over the same 30 years.

Most Manhattanites who move across the East River to this relatively sparsely settled land—Queens has only about 23 inhabitants to each acre, as compared with 137 per acre in Manhattan—undertake their migration because of one of two widely different reasons.

There are those who believe that any other place to live is backward and barbaric. They leave Manhattan only under protest because they can't find living space, and are, therefore, victims of high building costs that have stimulated the great migration.

And there are those whose sole aim in life is to get out of Manhattan and own what they call dreamily "a little farm somewhere." This "somewhere" usually turns out to be Queens. That is about as far from the center of the city as such dreamers are able to migrate. To them, a "farm" can be a patch of lawn, a back yard big enough to grow a few tomatoes and a little house that looks like thousands of other little houses that stand side by side, block after block (Continued on page 62)



# THE MOVE



*Much of Queen's new population is ex-Manhattanites who needed homes*



*Landlords like Fred Trump, left, stand ready to provide many services for the tenant. They sponsor clubhouses for girl scouts, nursery schools, art classes, drama clubs*



PHOTOS BY WERNER WOLFF FROM BLACK STAR



# When fire strikes home

By **DON WHARTON**

If you bought home fire insurance five years ago, your policy now needs considerable revision

**A** HOME fire starts burning in the United States every 90 seconds. In the time it will take the average reader to finish this article, fires will start in three or four American homes. This means that this year fire will strike about 300,000 families.

Most of these householders, whether owners or renters, will suffer a financial loss greater than necessary because of errors in buying insurance, in maintaining it, and in settling claims. However, there are plenty of things to do to make certain that you have good insurance and that it is kept in good working order, in case of emergency.

1. *Make sure you have enough insurance.* A study of 427 claims paid last summer by one company for fire losses on dwellings in a midwestern state showed that one out of four had only enough insurance to cover half its value. Average value of the 427 houses was \$6,988, average insurance \$4,238.

Last September when central gas regulators broke at Brighton, a suburb of Rochester, N. Y., fires and explosions wrecked 45 homes in two hours. Insurance investigators reported that not one of the 45 homes had enough insurance. In most cases the insurance came to only 50 per cent of the actual cash value of the house. One \$28,000 house had only \$5,000 insurance, one \$29,000 house only \$4,000.

Obviously, you should insure your house for its full value, and this is particularly true in times of inflation. If you've just bought or built, you know what your house is worth. But if you've been living in the same place for years you may be greatly underinsured. The president of a Brooklyn bank recently advised 67,000 mortgage borrowers that "If the building on your property cost \$10,000 to build in 1941, it would cost more than \$20,000 to replace in 1951."

Policyholders in New York City and five nearby counties have added reason for guarding against underinsurance. Their policies will not pay them dollar-for-dollar on some partial losses unless they are carrying insurance equal to 80 per cent of values. (This is also true of some policies in Chicago and of windstorm insurance in Florida.)

For example, a householder in a New York suburb recently had a fire with damages which his insurance company admitted to be \$3,000. Although he had a valid policy for \$4,000, he collected only \$1,500. The reason was that the insurable value of his house came to \$10,000. Under the 80 per cent clause he should have had a minimum of \$8,000 insurance. Carrying only half that much, he was paid for only half the damage. Insurance companies say that this clause makes better rates possible for those who carry as much insurance as they need, but the plain fact is that most people have never read that portion of their policies.

2. *There are many hazards to the modern home.* The standard fire insurance policy covers property against damage from fire, lightning, smoke caused by the fire, water used in fighting the fire, and damage by firemen or anyone trying to help out. In small-town America decades ago that was about all that could happen to a house. Modern life brought extra perils and you can get an "extended coverage," requiring an extra premium, to protect you against explosion, riot, aircraft, vehicles, smoke, windstorm and hail.

In most states, for another extra premium, you can get another "additional extended coverage" against ten more hazards, including vandalism, glass breakage, ice, snow and freezing, fall of trees, and bursting pipes. Don't try to figure out probabilities. Fire is certainly more probable than a falling plane but it's prudent to insure against all foreseeable hazards, knowing that the less probable will cost you less money.

Rates differ from state to state, vary within states according to hazards and a community's fire experience and fire-fighting facilities. In suburban New York, the cost of \$20,000 fire insurance on a typical dwelling and contents comes to \$120 for five years, "extended coverage" would cost about \$64 and "additional extended coverage" about \$32. Fire rates in an unprotected area would be much higher, so might "extended coverage" on a house facing the ocean. On the other hand, "extended coverage" on contents of a New York apartment would be much lower.

All this insurance is on a "named peril" basis—meaning that if your house is damaged or even destroyed by a peril not named in the contract you



don't get a penny. Until two years ago nothing could be done for the homeowner who wanted to insure his house against every possible calamity.

Then, in 1950, a new "rider" was introduced. It insures houses against everything *except* what's named: war, termites and such inevitabilities as depreciation and deterioration.

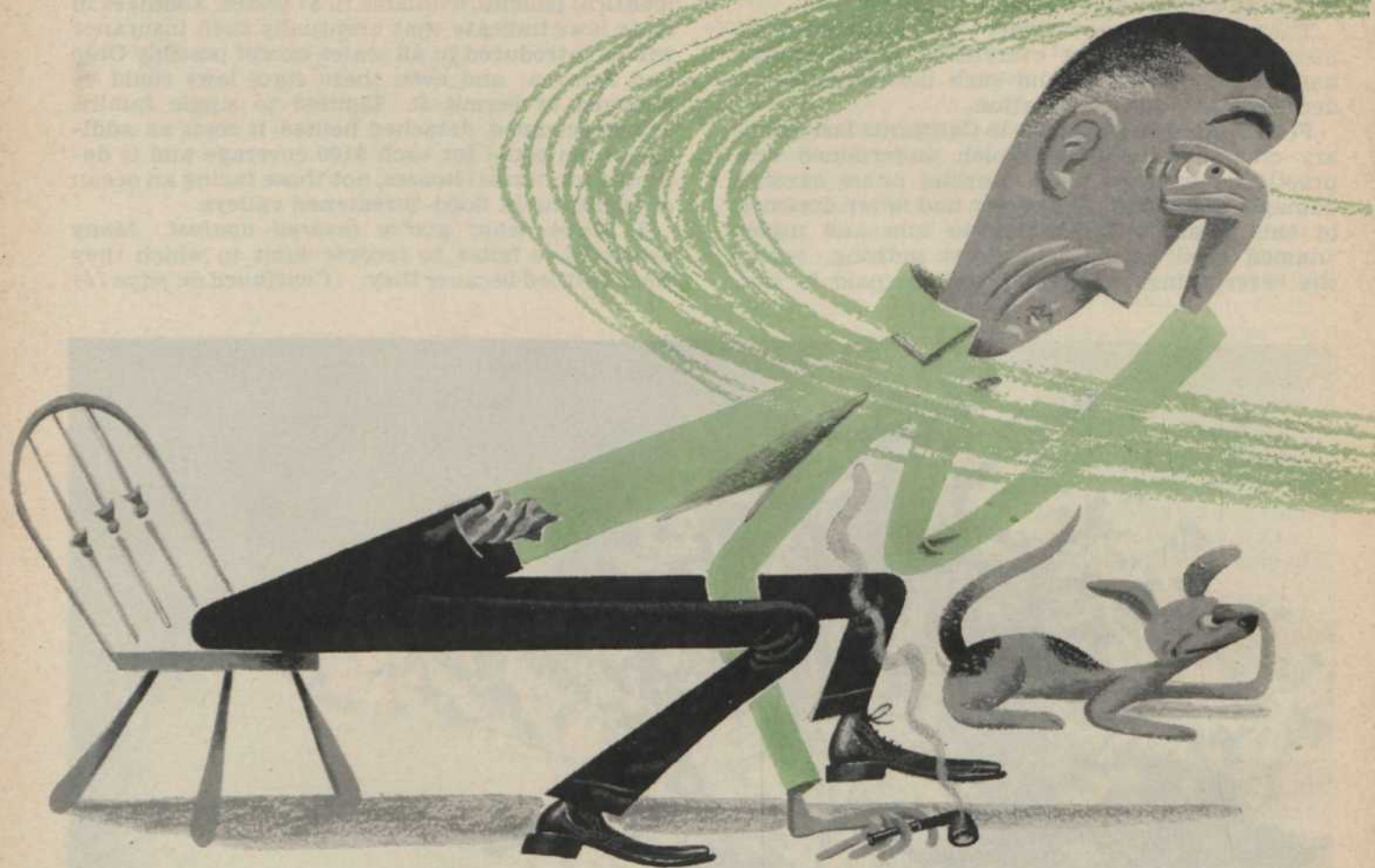
For example, the big rains in California last January created a landslide which undermined and practically wrecked a Los Angeles house causing damages of \$30,000. The owner had never dreamed of this calamity happening to him and under "named peril" policies he'd get nothing; under the "everything but" policy he'll be paid in full.

Two companies are selling this new type of insurance and 30 others have followed suit with almost identical policies, available in 37 states. Changes in state laws indicate that eventually such insurance will be introduced in all states except possibly Ohio and Arizona; and even there state laws could be changed to permit it. Limited to single family, owner-occupied, detached houses, it costs an additional ten cents for each \$100 coverage and is designed for normal houses, not those facing an ocean or squatting in flood-threatened valleys.

3. *Know what you're insured against.* Many people have failed to recover sums to which they were entitled because they (Continued on page 74)







# She's Not Prodigal

By JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS

**R**ECENTLY in Detroit, Mich., a man asked for a divorce on the grounds that his wife was a spendthrift. He showed the judge a thick sheaf of unpaid bills and complained, "I'm just a small businessman. I'm lucky if I clear \$6,000 a year. But my wife buys fur coats and French china and oriental rugs and a grand piano as if I were Rockefeller!"

It was clear that although he earned a moderate income his helpmate's extravagance was keeping him debt-ridden and miserable. The court, however, ruled against him.

"If wifely extravagance were grounds for divorce," the judge said, "half the marriages in this country would be over before they were fairly started!"

The percentage is probably not quite that high. Nor is habitual extravagance a sin confined to women. There are plenty of spendthrift husbands who just can't resist buying another fancy fly rod, one more imported briar pipe or any of the other items men lose their hearts to.

But the fact remains that the wife whose consuming passion is shopping and spending is so familiar a figure that, like the empty-headed woman driver,

she's a stock character for cartoonists. Everyone gets a laugh out of her financial antics except her husband, who is stuck with the bills. For him, marriage boils down to a nightmare of columns of figures jotted down in red pencil, of dodging the telephone and the doorbell, of crossing the street hastily to duck local creditors.

Desperately, he borrows from friends, relatives, neighbors—even the boss. As soon as his new car is paid for he dashes down to the bank to take a loan on it.

He jokes, "Well, I'm still one jump ahead of the sheriff!" but his laughter has a hollow sound. And although his own suit is shiny on the seat, and his hairline is always a little overgrown, his pathetic little personal economies aren't even a finger in the dike. After a while, an ulcer begins to flare up or the company doctor, in a routine check, tells him, "You have high blood pressure!" He may answer that one truthfully, "Only on the first of the month!"

Storekeepers know the spendthrift wife well. She is a cinch to fall for a so-called bargain. She rushes out on Monday morning to buy anything





# —She's Sick

The spendthrift wife is like  
the chronic alcoholic.  
She's a subject for medical help  
rather than her husband's ire

that looked new and novel in the Sunday newspapers. She has a poor sense of values and always buys the most expensive of three similar items.

"You can't go wrong, buying the best!" she defends herself. She reads consumer information articles constantly but they serve to whet her appetite rather than make her cautious or shrewd. She never squawks about overcharges and can readily be made a fool of at a bargain counter or an auction sale.

Storekeepers consider her a valuable, if risky, customer. Sometimes they, too, like her husband, are charmed into extending her more credit than they should. Fortunately for the merchants, psychiatrists have found that the impulsive spender—the descriptive tag used by those who discuss her problem scientifically—nearly always attracts the kind of mate who will scramble around, work hard and make sacrifices to pay her bills.

Dr. Eleanor Crissey of the Department of Psychiatry at Cornell Medical School points out that the man who marries an impulsive spender has two problems to wrestle with. One is grimly practical, the other emotional.

He worries first about the hopelessness of the family's financial future. What about his sworn responsibility to provide savings, insurance, a paid-up mortgage and good sound credit? Where are the money reserves that will see them through emergencies or illness? How will they send the children to college or set their son up in business?

Then, when he feels he can stand it no longer, he speaks up forcefully on the subject. His protests bring on stormy scenes and tears. He is often subjected to the injustice of hearing his daughter say disgustedly, "Daddy's yelling about money again!" Or his wife begins to serve skim milk, stew and cabbage, and goes in for other economies in a none-too-subtle effort to make him feel like an unreasonable cheap skate.

"Truly," says Dr. Crissey, "the man who has a spendthrift wife fights his battle alone."

To the rest of the world she often seems to be an ideal mate and an excellent mother. Her husband is told how lucky he is to have such a cheerful, good-natured, easy-going wife. She usually makes friends easily and is warmly affectionate. In trying to effect financial reforms her

(Continued on page 68)



# The Twain Have Never Met

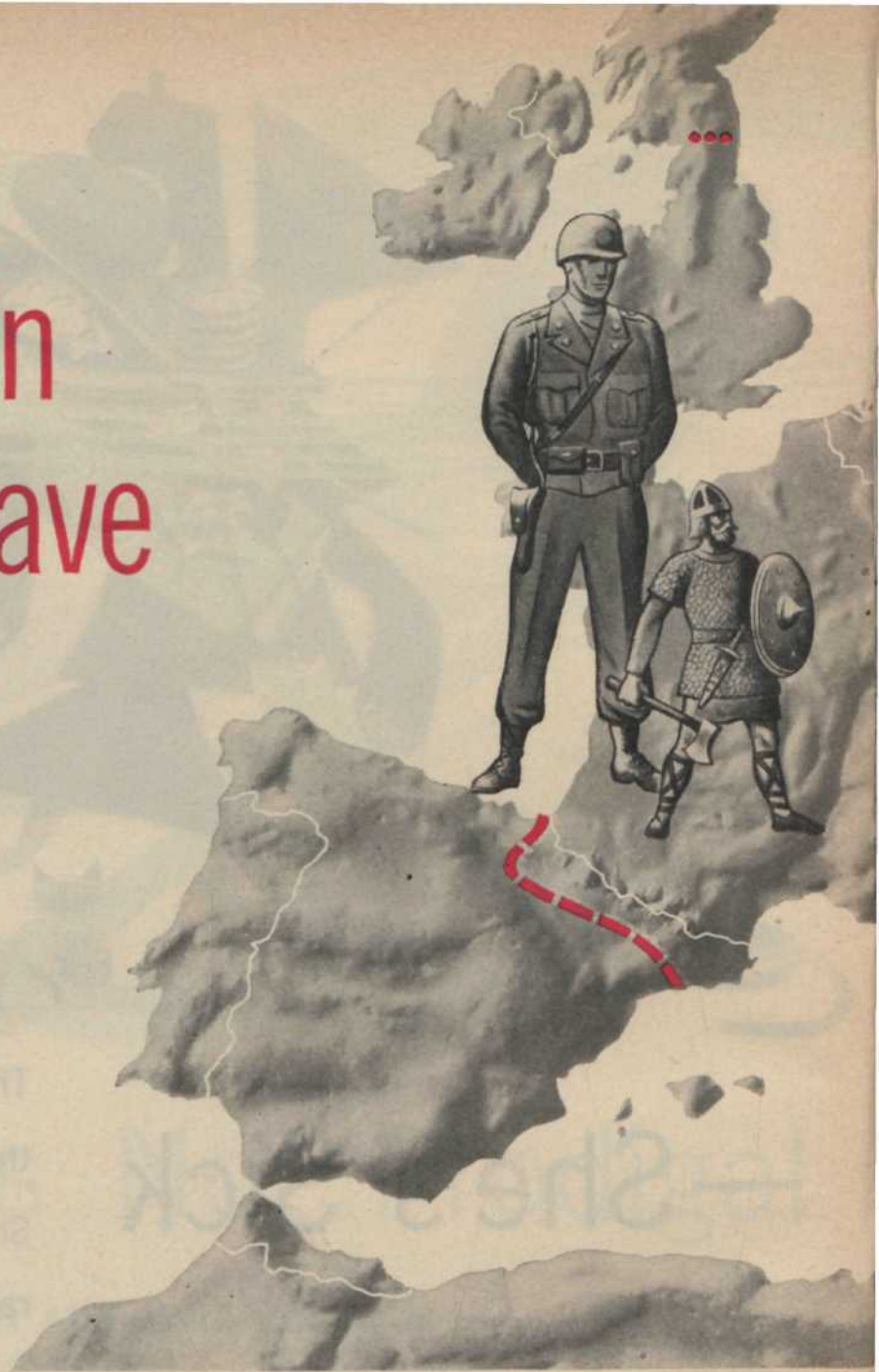
*The Iron Curtain isn't new.*

*The line that now separates the*

*East from the West has been in*

*existence with little change for*

*at least 24 centuries*



**By HAWTHORNE DANIEL**

**T**HE WHOLE world today is conscious of the Iron Curtain. Extending from the Arctic Ocean all the way to Greece, and from there to the east in a vast sweep that takes in much of Europe and most of Asia, this line separates the Communist nations from those which are non-Communist. Behind it lurks a menace that purposes the subjugation of all the free world.

To meet this menace we are striving to rally allies on our side of the line to cope with whatever lies beyond.

Undoubtedly the free world needs unity. But in our urgency to meet the present threat, we have been overlooking a heartening fact: a nameless and powerful ally fights on our side.

Nobody has seen this ally. No-

body can describe it. But its record can be found in history books.

The line of the Iron Curtain isn't new! It has been fought over for thousands of years, and in all that time has shifted very little. Now and then it has been broken. At times it has even seemed to disappear. But today it is in much the same position it has often occupied before, and whenever any invasion has succeeded in breaking through, the line has always managed to re-establish itself in about the form in which we know it now.

The people of Europe have almost always been troubled by the danger of invasion from the east, and the threat we recognize today has been preceded by many others like it. In fact, the present danger may appear a little less formidable





MAP BY GEOGRAPHICAL PROJECTS INC.

if we stop to think that—when the line of the Iron Curtain has been broken and crossed in the past—it has most frequently been done by the armies of the West, not by those of the more populous empires of the East. Furthermore, despite our fears and our mistakes, it is the West that is making most progress today.

There is no easy way to explain this line. Apparently it came into existence because of forces over which mankind has had little or no control—forces which have given rise to the obstinate differences that mark the thinking, the beliefs, and the actions of the peoples of the East and of the West.

Like a kind of super-Mason-Dixon Line, the Iron Curtain plainly divides the world. But, un-

like the Mason-Dixon Line, no one planned it.

Its name, of course, is new. It was only after World War II that the term was first used. But centuries ago the line was there, demonstrating even then, as Rudyard Kipling later pointed out, that:

“East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.”

Americans were quite willing to accept Russia as a trusted ally during World War II. By 1947, however, we had begun to learn that Russian Communism is essentially aggressive. It was on that account we decided to send help to Greece and Turkey, both threatened by the Communists.

In other words, 24 centuries after the Persians under Darius and

Xerxes invaded Greece and attempted to overwhelm the first democracy of the western world, Americans began to lend a hand in winning battles that were being fought in the very same valleys through which the Persian armies passed so long ago. These modern battles, of course, were less spectacular than those of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea at which the ancient Persians were defeated, but they were not a bit less vital to the preservation of the liberty of the Greeks.

In each case—in the fifth century B.C. as well as in the twentieth century A.D.—the small land in which democracy originated was being attacked by an enormous dictatorship. In each case a vast power of the East was trying to



overwhelm the nation to which the peoples of the West trace so many of their beginnings. In 490 B.C. it was Persia. Now it was Russia. But both were countries in which liberty had never been known. Both were defeated by a free and much less numerous people of the West.

The defeats of 1947 took place in areas adjacent to the battlefields on which the Athenians and the Spartans beat the ancient Persians. The line the Greeks were defending in 1947—the Iron Curtain—lay almost exactly where it had lain 24 centuries before.

In principle, the struggle in which the Americans aided the Greeks against the Communists was merely a modern counterpart of that in which the Greeks alone defended Western civilization 20 centuries before America was discovered.

**C**ONCERNED as we are today with Russia's threat to the West, it is well to recall that, when the ancient Persians were defeated, that first Eastern threat to Western civilization ended. The Greeks were left free to continue their development, and within a century and a half, under Alexander the Great, they turned on their ancient enemy and conquered the entire Persian Empire. In fact, they even went beyond its eastern borders into the land we now call Pakistan.

Here—and this was the first time, too—the Iron Curtain of those days was broken by the West, and for centuries, as Alexander's empire disappeared and large parts of it came beneath the power of Rome, the dividing line between the East and the West seemed to fade away. Ultimately, however, the Roman Empire itself began its own decline and was broken into the Eastern and the Western Roman Empires.

No political line of demarcation had existed between the East and the West for something like six centuries, but when the Empire was broken into two parts in 364, the line between the two divisions was drawn north and south across the land we now call Yugoslavia. Today, of course, Yugoslavia is a unit, but even now there is a division—an ideological one, at least. Marshal Tito, though he insists on forcing his own brand of Communism on the Yugoslavs, nevertheless prefers to associate with the West rather than with Russia.

So the actual physical frontier between the East and the West—the Iron Curtain—which once ran from near the present city of Bel-

grade south toward the present border of Albania, now completely surrounds Albania and otherwise has moved a little to the east where it lies along Yugoslavia's border with Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria. The change is noticeable, but is no great matter when viewed in the light of 16 centuries of history.

The people of Europe and America are especially conscious nowadays of that portion of the Iron Curtain which lies to the north of the Danube, though this part of the line did not actually begin to take form for more than 1,000 years after the Persians first invaded Greece. While Rome ruled the world, the dividing line between her territory and the more barbarous regions of northern and eastern Europe lay for the most part along the Danube and the Rhine. These two rivers formed most of Rome's northern frontier, and the wild warriors of the German forests, as well as the migrating hordes that now and again poured westward from Asia and the Russian steppes, rarely attempted to cross them.

Attila and his Huns held this portion of Europe for a time, and even threatened the weakening Roman Empire. But, when they crossed the Rhine into France in 451, they were defeated and turned back at the Battle of Chalons, and when Attila died two years later, the loosely knit empire he had created fell apart.

**T**WO centuries later, however, a new and greater danger arose in the East. The Moslems, beginning their rapid expansion in Arabia, by-passed eastern Europe. They conquered all of North Africa instead, and then crossed into Spain. From there they invaded France from the south. But in 732, on a battlefield that lay hardly 200 miles from where Attila and his Huns had been defeated, Charles Martel beat these new invaders at

the battle of Tours. Driven back to Spain from which, though not for 700 years, they were also finally expelled, these invaders and the Huns who had preceded them, were the only Eastern peoples in history ever to penetrate so far into the West.

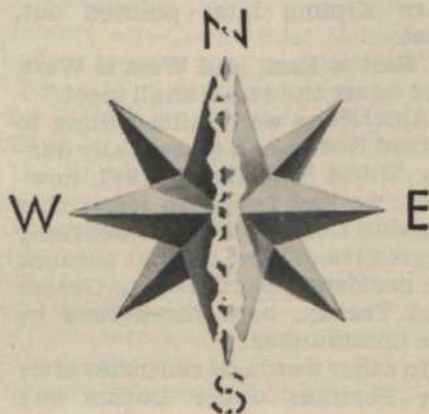
But now developments in western Europe came more rapidly. Charlemagne, coming to the throne of the northern Franks 36 years after the battle of Tours, began the creation of a great empire that was to leave its mark on Europe for centuries. All of France came under his control. His holdings ultimately included Burgundy, Switzerland, more than half of Italy, and a large expanse of territory east of the Rhine. He actually carried his eastern frontier to the very line along which the Iron Curtain lies today.

**W**HEN the Americans of the First Army entered the German city of Aachen in October, 1944, few of them knew that they were capturing Charlemagne's capital of 12 centuries ago. When, a few months later, the British reached the Baltic Sea near Lubeck, and the Americans halted at the Elbe, hardly anyone realized that the present Iron Curtain was about to be established, or that the line that had been reached closely duplicated Charlemagne's own frontier in that same region.

In fact, when Charlemagne died 1,138 years ago, the eastern border of his empire extended not only from the Baltic near Lubeck to the Elbe, as the Iron Curtain does today, but from there it continued south all the way to the Danube near Vienna along almost exactly the same line the Iron Curtain follows now. Throughout that entire distance, Charlemagne's medieval frontier lay just where we of the West now confront the Communists in Germany and along the Czechoslovak border.

There have been other instances, too, to prove the existence and the comparative changelessness of this extraordinary line. When, in the thirteenth century, the Mongol hordes of central Asia poured across Russia into Europe, they penetrated northern Europe only as far as Poland and Silesia, and so did not reach the line. Further south, however, they entered Hungary, sacked the old city of Pest, defeated the Hungarian army, and pursued it all the way to the Adriatic coast.

Backed by an empire that was actually greater in extent than  
(Continued on page 70)

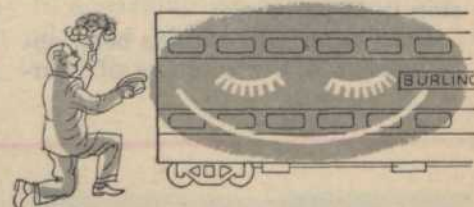






ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FROM BLACK STAR

*Riding the rails to work can  
be pleasant, as one railroad  
is proving to its customers*



By GREER WILLIAMS

## KIND TO COMMUTERS

**H**ARRY C. MURPHY, 60-year-old president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, is a man with an unusual amount of consideration for fellow humans, including commuters. He has just demonstrated this consideration by putting into service the C. B. & Q.'s new stainless steel, air-conditioned, double-decker suburban trains serving Chicago's great west side.

Murphy, who is bald, round-faced and has that good gray look of a railroad man about him, may not be the first railroad president since the invention of the steam locomotive to pay attention to commuters. Still, his concern for them has won him two singular distinctions:

He has worked a 15 per cent increase in revenue from commuter trains during a period of general decline.

He, even more novel, has received fan letters from commuters!

(A commuter, by tradition, is a long-suffering form of sheep who spends from five to ten per cent of his life in a mobile fold between suburb and city for the apparent purpose of reading a newspaper and getting soot on his collar.)

Until two years ago, the C. B. & Q., Burlington Lines, or "Q," as it is variously called, chugged dutifully along its 38-mile suburban route from Chicago to Aurora like any other railroad stuck with the dull daily business of getting freshly laundered suburbanites to the office in the morning and hauling the tired remains back at night with, in the words of the Burlington's executive vice president, J. C. James, "one sixteenth of an inch of soot evenly spread throughout."

"The service was incredibly bad," recalls a plump, Hinsdale housewife. "I walked to the station one day believing I had plenty of time to catch the next

train. Instead, I had to run for it. I caught the last car. 'My,' I gasped to the conductor, on the verge of a heart attack, 'the 2:20 was early today.' 'Lady,' he said, 'this isn't the 2:20. This is the 1:10.'"

Since the Burlington and its commuters fell in love, however, all this has changed. As with most love affairs, it is not entirely clear yet how it will come out, but it is wonderful to behold. "I have been riding on the 'Q' daily since 1921 and think it the best suburban service anywhere in the country," wrote Miss Maizie Jones of Riverside to Murphy. "You have given . . . our morale a terrific boost."

"I'm a happy man," a Western Springs rider told him. A letter from a La Grange coal merchant said: "Pursuing channels so different from what other railroads seem to follow, by contrast you stand genuinely alone, and we are really overwhelmed with such dignified treatment."

"I, for one, would gladly give a 25 per cent increase in my fare for the pleasure of having air-conditioned coaches in summer," offered a Downers Grove resident in a burst of extravagance. A Berwyn man congratulated Murphy on his "fine, clean, fast transportation" and then added a chummy "P.S. Stop in some Sunday P.M. for a drink and a hello."

The import of such good feeling can be appreciated only by noting that commuters rank in ton-per-mile railroad economics as just about the lowest class of all things transportable. No passenger, actually, is too great a blessing. Freight makes up between 80 and 90 per cent of the average self-respectful railroad's earnings.

The commuter riding for a half hour or an hour and a distance of 20 or 30 miles twice a day is a mere peanut compared even to the Pullman passenger traveling all day and all night and covering



maybe 1,000 miles. But, like poor relations, however, commuters are something a railroad cannot get rid of. Its franchise as a public utility requires it to give service to people along the way even when giving that service requires taking a loss.

Railroads are free, of course, to seek increases in suburban revenue. Several suburban railroads in Chicago have done this by asking the Illinois Commerce Commission for boosts in fares. When one or another got over the Commission's statutory jurisdictional limit of three cents a mile, it appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington.

Each rate increase has been obtained amid the screams of com-

muters, a volley of editorial tomatoes and the quiet weeping of public relations directors. After years devoted to polishing its reputation, this was more than Murphy and the Burlington wished to face. It was the Burlington, after all, which won public acclaim in 1934 by introducing the streamliner, the Zephyr. And it was the Burlington that put vista domes on top of its coaches and lounge cars so people could enjoy the scenery on their way through the Rockies to California.

The Burlington's only hope was to try to reverse the nationwide downward trend in commuter revenue and, with keen awareness that more than half of all railroad passengers are these poor down-

trodden commuters, to seek to increase its suburban passenger volume. This austere conclusion was reached in 1948 when Ralph Budd was still president of the Burlington. Murphy, as operating vice president, ordered manufacture of the first of the new fangled gallery cars and, when he became president in 1949, pushed the railroad's \$10,000,000 commuter train modernization program with all possible speed.

Terminologically, it was to be a "stop-loss" program, he announced. The aim was to make the service "stand on its own feet" and eventually reach a "break-even point." Some quipped that Harry Murphy wanted better commuter service because he lives in Aurora,



Laurence F. Lee



D. A. Hulcy



Otto A. Seyferth



Russell C. Harrington



Clem D. Johnston



Harlan I. Peyton

## The New Leaders



at the end of the line. This is snide. He does commute into his Chicago headquarters, but not regularly. Much of the time he is riding around the country in a business car, like any railroad president.

In a tongue-in-cheek editorial, the Chicago *Tribune* accused Murphy of "betraying the code of the local chapter of the International Brotherhood of Railroad Presidents, which holds that suburban service must forever be a money-losing operation. Nothing can be done about it, according to the code, except to scare passengers away by raising fares, cutting off trains and running them behind time."

This, in truth, was the way

things had been going. Business-wise, of course, less service for more money in a mass operation is a course to sure destruction. This was quite evident in the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry's statistics on the daily flow of people into the Chicago Loop, or central business district.

One way or another—by street-car, bus, subway, elevated, automobile or railroad—about 900,000 persons enter the Loop every day. Some 292,000 get there by automobile and then, it might be presumed, spend the rest of the day looking for a parking place. The automobile has been the No. 1 form of transportation in Chicago ever since 1945.

The suburban railroads reached

their all-time peak in 1946. That year they delivered 158,000 a day into the Loop. Since then, they have brought in fewer and fewer. This decline in commuter patronage corresponded to the national trend. By 1950, the Chicago railroads were down to 138,741. A trifling increase to 139,188 in 1951 could be more than accounted for by the Burlington.

The seeming inability of commuter trains to compete with automobiles is difficult to understand when one realizes the hardships of driving into Chicago. It is not only the problem of finding a parking place or spending 75 cents to \$1.50 a day in a parking lot or garage. It is also the chore of bucking

(Continued on page 76)

## of the Chamber

**T**HE Chamber of Commerce of the United States has announced the election of 18 new officers and directors. Named to the presidency was Laurence F. Lee, president of the Occidental Life Insurance Company, Raleigh, N. C., and the Peninsular Life Insurance Company, Jacksonville, Fla.

D. A. Hulcy, president of the Lone Star Gas Company, Dallas, became chairman of the board; while Otto A. Seyferth, president of the West Michigan Steel Foundry Company, Muskegon, was made chairman of the executive committee.

The new vice presidents are:

Russell C. Harrington, resident partner, Ernst and Ernst, Providence.

Clem D. Johnston, president, Roanoke Public Warehouse, Roanoke, Va.

Harlan I. Peyton, president, Peyton Investment Company, Spokane.

Elected to serve as directors for the first time:

District 2—Allen D. Marshall, manager, Employee Benefits Services Department, General Electric Company, New York.

District 3—Lorimer W. Midgett, owner and manager, General Insurance Agency, Elizabeth City, N. C.

District 4—Jesse D. Jewell, J. D. Jewell, Inc., Gainesville, Ga.

District 7—William R. Thurston, president, Thurston Chemical Company, Joplin, Mo.

District 9—Ira K. Young, president, The Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Company, Pueblo, Colo.

District 10—Frank E. McCaslin, president, Oregon Portland Cement Company, Portland.

Agriculture—W. B. Camp, president, W. B. Camp & Sons, Inc., Bakersfield, Calif.

Domestic Distribution—Philip M. Talbott, senior vice president, Woodward and Lothrop, Washington.

Finance—William A. McDonnell, president and director, First National Bank, St. Louis.

Foreign Commerce—Arthur Harrison Motley, president, Parade Publications, Inc., New York.

Transportation—Arthur E. Stoddard, president, Union Pacific Railroad Company, Omaha.

At-Large—Lee Price, Jr., attorney, Swainsboro, Ga.



W. B. Camp



Jesse D. Jewell



Allen D. Marshall



Frank E. McCaslin



William A. McDonnell



Lorimer W. Midgett



Arthur H. Motley



Lee Price, Jr.



Arthur E. Stoddard



Philip M. Talbott

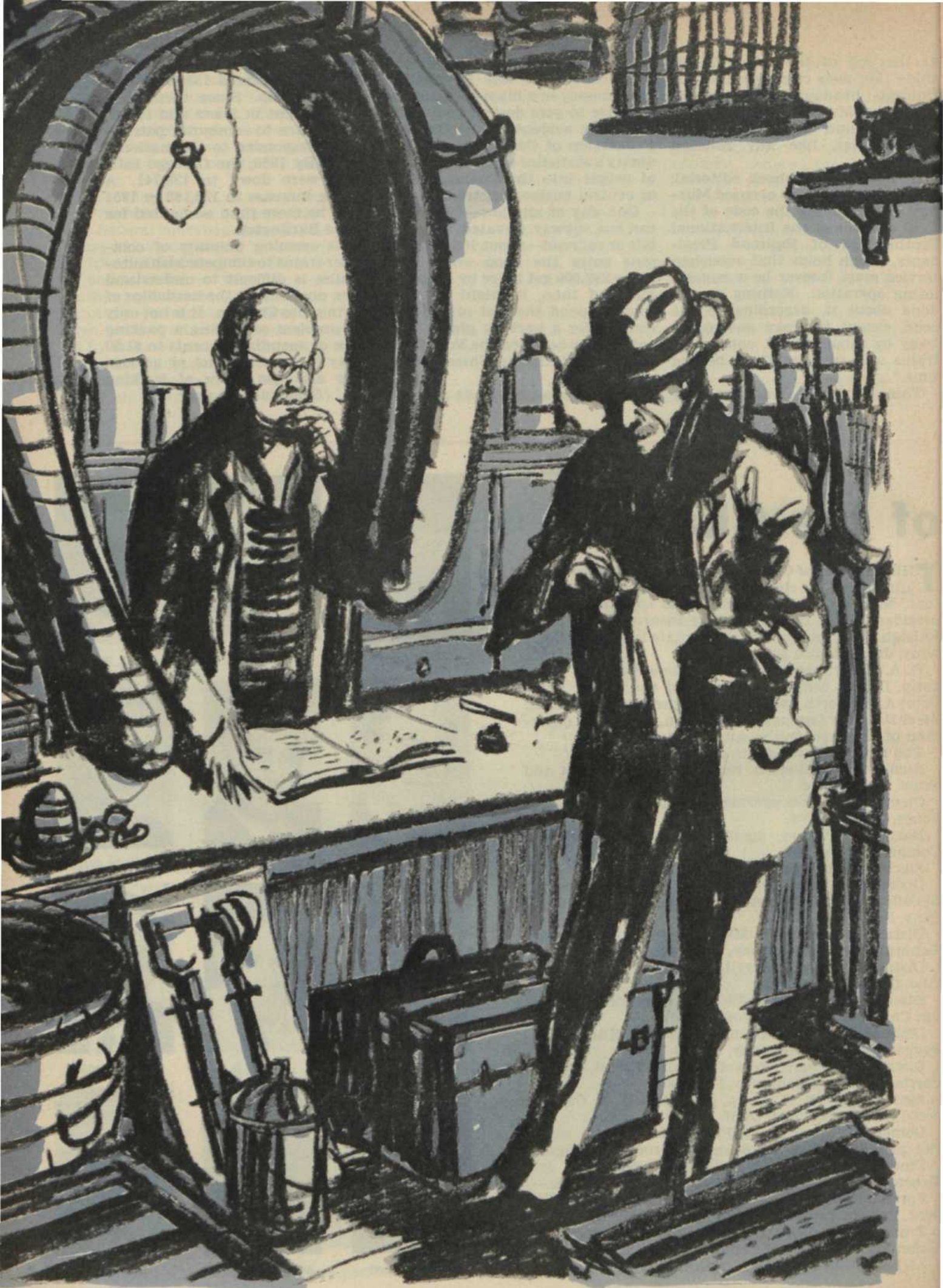


William R. Thurston

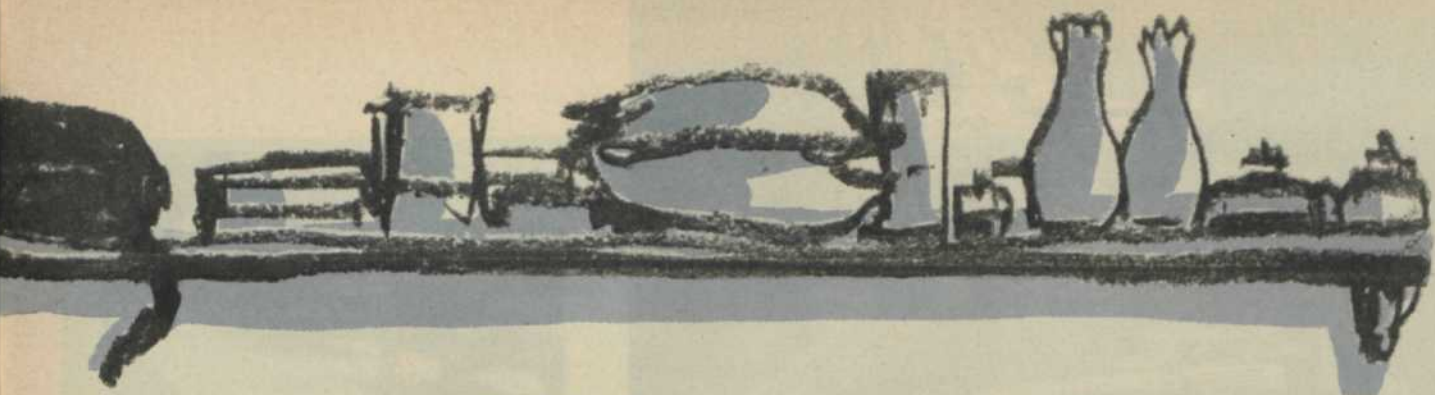


Ira K. Young









nation's business short story of the month

# OLD JOE LOSES A VACATION

By ROY WHEELER

**T**HE PROPRIETOR of Whitney's Hardware store stood behind the counter frowning at his want book. In front of the counter stood the perennial representative of Reed & Hill, wholesale only. "Calf weaners," the proprietor begrudgingly admitted. "Maybe about. . . ."

"Four dozen?" Old Joe suggested, his pencil poised above his order book. "Number 12s?"

Mathew Whitney ran a thin hand over his bald spot. One dozen was a must; yesterday he'd had in mind two. . . .

"Three," he said shortly and scratched off the item.

A half-hour later he closed the book and hung it on a hook beside the revolving screw case. "I guess that's all this trip," he said.

"Thanks, Mat," Old Joe said. "Your enameled ware all right? An' aluminum? You know about aluminum?"

"Yeah," the proprietor replied, moving up the counter, away from the buying spot and within range of incoming customers.

"Butt hinges might be going to take an advance," Old Joe hinted. "They're talkin' of as much as two and a half a case."

"Uh-huh," Mat said. "Things are still goin' up. Some things," he added cryptically.

Old Joe took off his spectacles and dropped the order book in his pack. He plodded up the aisle and paused near the door.

"Any news about your new store at Rickardville?" he asked. "I'd sure enjoy gettin' started at that order."

Mat Whitney turned around. "I ain't promised you that order," he snapped. "I ain't promised it to nobody."

"Of course you ain't," Old Joe soothed, and pushed back his battered hat. "It's just that you know I'll give you everything I've got, Mat. Like I've always done," he added.

"Uh-huh," the other nodded. "Well let me tell you Barton Hardware ain't so steep, and they've got

the goods, too. I was talkin' to young Duncan last Thursday an' he says his boss has given him instructions to get my Rickardville opening order or—go back to Iwo Jima."

Old Joe's smile was indulgent. It was the one he used to increase orders from a half-gross to a gross. It also was the one which he used to mask his fears and disappointments.

"Jim Duncan's a good boy," he said. "He had a good record out there the way they tell it and he may make a salesman in time, but we can't keep on fightin' that war forever, Mat. We gotta new one on our hands now an' anyway this ain't war. This is business."

"Well, I ain't got my lease signed yet," Mat said. His tone carried dismissal. "Time enough to talk about the order when I do."

"Sure," Old Joe nodded. Then casting about for something to keep the subject open, said:

"Got your man lined up to run it?"

Mat looked at him and scowled. The scowl warned that the subject was closed. "Yes," he said shortly, "I got him lined up."

Old Joe pulled down his hat. "O.K., Mat," he said smiling. "See you in two weeks. Sooner," he hopefully added, "if—if you should want me." He paused for a word of encouragement, but none came. "Fact of the matter is," he went on, "I may be here a day earlier next trip. Believe I'll cut out Browntown."

"That'll bring you here—Tuesday?" Mat asked.

Old Joe beamed. "That's right, Mat," he said, "see you a week from Tuesday." He raised an arm in a gesture of amiable farewell and hurried out.

"Mother," Old Joe said on Saturday evening, "it's likely I won't be in next week end. Got t' work Saturday."

"Saturday?" Abby Barnes paused in the process of buttering a baking powder biscuit and looked across at Old Joe. She wasn't a mother—through no fault of her own—she was just a wife, a good wife. The wrinkles that rippled across her saffron cheeks and the knots at

(Continued on page 64)





*Today's traffic uses 1925 roads. The three-dimensional map of the National System of Interstate Highways shows, by height of road, traffic density*

# Modern cars ride

**A** HEAVY stream of traffic pumped into a Midwest industrial center on a gloomy, rainswept morning. Refrigerated trucks with frozen foods from California, orange school buses, cars crowded with factory workers, cattle trucks bound for the stockyards were a part of the endless caravan.

Suddenly, with an anguished squeak of brakes, the procession halted. Down the line a car slid on a slick surface. A truck swerved to avoid hitting it and spraddled the highway, its front wheels sunk into the road's soft shoulder.

Horns honked impatiently. Heads poked out of windows. In a moment, the siren of a state police car howled across the summer green countryside.

A state trooper gloomily surveyed the scene and commented, "It's that low spot again! Everytime it rains, someone skids and we get a traffic tie-up."

"Why did you build a road with a low spot?" demanded an irritated motorist.

The trooper shook his head. "It wasn't built that way. This was a good road 15 years ago when it was laid. But they never expected this kind of traffic. The road is sinking into the clay. Too much traffic."

A uniformed figure stepped briskly from the cab of a halted truck and introduced himself to the cop, "I'm Major Duncan of the Air Force, and I rode along to make sure this top priority load gets to the jet plant up the road on time. Washington called yesterday for a rush order of plane parts. We've been driving all night. How can we get to the plant by nine o'clock?"

"You can't," the trooper said. "The nine o'clock shift won't get started anyway. Half the men in

these cars (he waved at the gathering line of impatient traffic) work at the jet plant. They tell me 85 per cent of the fellows at the factory come to work in cars, and around 70 per cent of the supplies are trucked in."

This incident was but a twitch in the frightful paralysis striking America's main arteries, her highway system. The plain fact is that two thirds of our roads, streets and highways are dangerous and unsafe. The cost of a successful operation on these arteries of American life is a staggering \$85,500,000,000 or \$5,700,000,000 a year for 15 years. This is the estimate of the Automotive Safety Foundation. Roads are slipping so rapidly a 1947 estimate of \$4,300,000,000 a year had to be revised radically upward last year. The increase also covers the rising cost of construction.

The uneven race against time and destruction is revealed on the federal-aid system, the main network of highways. Last year 40,000 miles (of the 664,464 total) fell below the lowest toleration standards. Of these 23,000 miles were modernized. This was a net loss of 17,000 miles. The upkeep and replacement program for highways is ten years behind schedule.

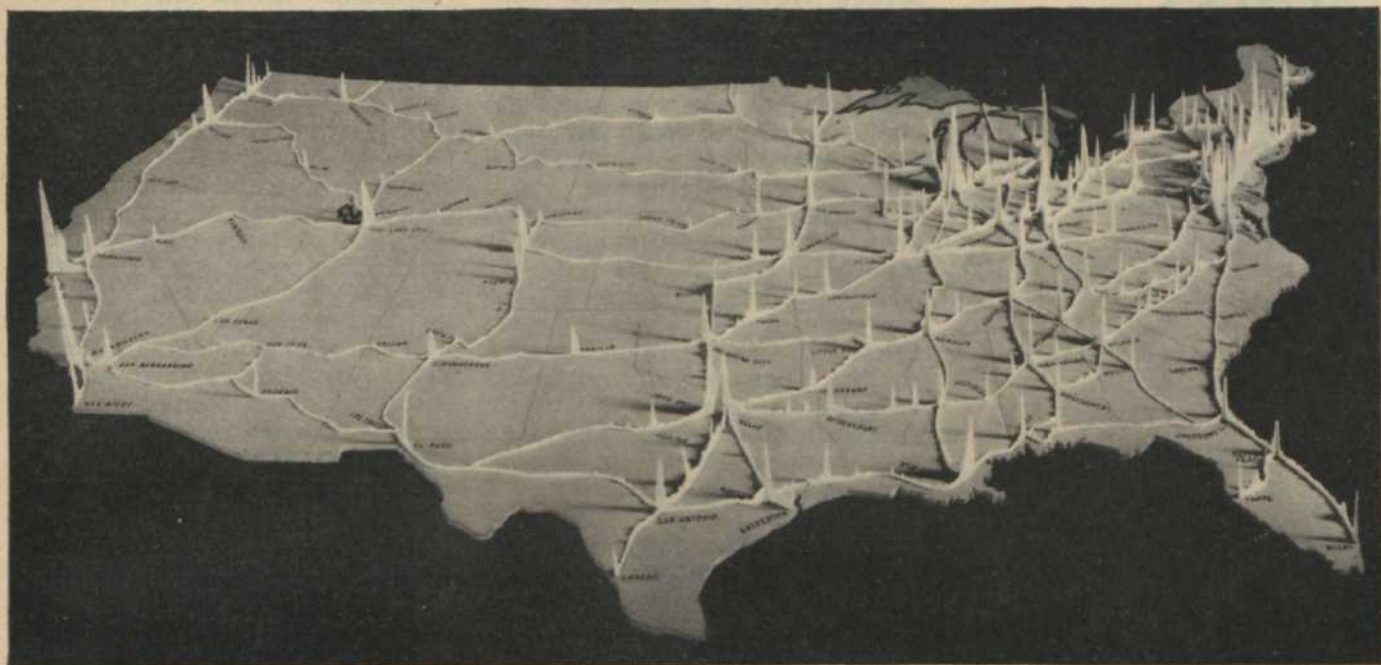
A damning and specific diagnosis is a cold, factual study of America's defense highway needs. What do we need to move military traffic swiftly across the nation and handle the bare essential civilian-industrial traffic in a crisis?

The Defense Department and Bureau of Public Roads carefully selected a small segment of through highways (7.3 per cent of the total) as the "National

PHOTOS BUREAU OF PUBLIC ROADS

NATION'S BUSINESS FOR JULY, 1952





# ancient roads

By **TRIS COFFIN**

System of Interstate Highways." It connects all the largest cities and key industrial centers. A study of bedrock needs revealed that almost 35,000 miles of the 37,800 miles of our main artery need surgery. Of them 24 miles do not even have a hard surface.

The fault is that America is growing so rapidly. Our highways, built for the model T Ford, the touring car with the side curtains that snapped on, and the light pickup truck, are as outmoded as these museum pieces. No one dreamed in the '20's, when most of our roads were designed and built, of the magnitude of today's traffic. It sounds fantastic in review.

Traffic volume jumped from 45,000,000,000 to 85,000,000,000 vehicle miles in three years, 1920 to 1923. Today, the figure is up to 500,000,000,000 vehicle miles or half a trillion. The research director for the Bureau of Public Roads remarked the other day that traffic may double in another 18 years.

On the roads today are 52,000,000 passenger cars, trucks and buses, or more than forecast for 1960. The number of trucks on the road has doubled since Pearl Harbor. Weights of loaded trucks have trebled in three decades. Roads, even those built by modern standards, are becoming obsolete before they are finished. An example is the great Shirley Highway, a four-lane expressway sweeping south from Washington for 20 miles. The north portion—opened first—was carrying a traffic volume greater than its intended capacity even before the southbound side was finished.

The invention and successful road test of the horseless carriage in 1893 by Charles E. Duryea

started a transport revolution that is still going on. In only 32 years from the day this first auto sputtered and exploded with violent jerks, 20,000,000 motor vehicles were registered.

The automobile found a rugged, growing nation with 2,000,000 miles of roads outside of cities and towns. Today's total is 3,003,000. Only 100,000 miles then had all-weather surfaces compared to 1,617,000 now.

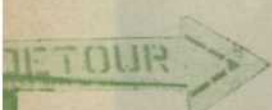
A great era of road building began in the '20's with the slogan, "Out of the Mud." Schoolchildren gave pennies to help build the Lincoln Highway. Motor club members pitched in and patched holes in the road. The National Grange put pressure on state legislatures to liberate the farmer by building highways. The railroads joined the campaign.

The biggest boost was an act of Congress in 1916, the "Federal Aid Program" which put concrete and asphalt on the main, cross-country roads. The states select the roads and kinds of improvement, meeting federal standards. Uncle Sam matches the states dollar for dollar.

In 1921, to keep funds from being dissipated on small back roads favored by local politicians, Congress laid down some rules. Federal-aid funds could be spent only on a system of main interstate and intercounty highways selected by the states. The federal-aid roads were limited to seven per cent of the total mileage. Since then, the program has been liberalized to include a secondary program.

Today, the federal-aid system is America's transport arteries. It stretches 664,464 miles and carries 86 per cent of all traffic. Any sickness in this sys-





*Many of the traffic signs met by a motorist are mere warnings of the inadequacy of our road system*



tem affects the whole body of America.

A penetrating study by the Automotive Safety Foundation concluded, "Highway transport is a necessary and vital part of the economic and social structure, and any major impairment of its efficient operation would result in direct financial loss, reduced services and social retardment."

One of every seven pay checks goes to the 9,000,000 employed in making, distributing, servicing and operating motor vehicles. Ninety-two per cent of cars are used every week for work, shopping or both. Almost a quarter of our public school kids come and go in the familiar orange buses. Some 6,000 cities and towns rely entirely on the roads. The highways and streets carry us to movies, ball games, sight-seeing trips to the Capitol or Yellowstone Park, to the seashore or lake, and to visit friends.

Our way of life is decided by the kind of roads we have. New York City with its narrow, congested streets has 2.3 families per passenger car while Los Angeles with wide, easily traveled streets has .9. The farmer finds it so easy to go into town, he no longer keeps a flour barrel and pantry shelves loaded with home-canned food. Last year when heavy snows clogged country roads for 36 hours, farmers ran out of food.

The highways are taking families out of the cities by the millions into the suburbs where they can have gardens. The dependency of the suburbanite on his car is shown dramatically in Washington. Eighty-five per cent of all shopping trips by those living more than six miles from downtown, in and beyond the ring of mammoth new housing developments, is by car.

Most of the food on your table came to market in a truck.

Besides, 90 per cent of all household goods came via the roads to the store where you purchased it.

The big trucks have revolutionized industry, brought the treasures of American farm and factory closer to you.

In short, we depend on the highways for food, livelihood, trade, recreation, and defense, and already have invested \$50,000,000,000 in them. Yet, these arteries of American life are falling apart from neglect. The biggest need is, as the engineers call it, "added capacity."

A spade-calling diagnosis by the Defense Department, Bureau of Public Roads and Automotive

Safety Foundation says, "The greatest problem is lack of room for vehicles to travel safely and at reasonable speeds on principal highways and main streets of the larger cities."

Our highways are chiefly two-lane and follow winding wagon trails that pursue the land contours up and down. The bridges are too narrow and the road shoulders nonexistent or a thin band. The hard surfaces are as patched and scarred today as a farmer's old overalls. This kind of road can handle fewer than 300 vehicles an hour at speeds up to 50 miles an hour. Any more traffic and the result is accidents, temper-straining traffic jams, and cracked and pitted pavements.

This same road with its curves straightened, its grades leveled, its lanes widened, and its surface strengthened can hold 700 vehicles an hour. It is a fact that the stream of smoothly flowing cars, trucks and buses can automatically be increased by broadening the lanes.

For example, a modern two-lane road with each lane ten feet wide can handle 4,800 vehicles a day. Add two feet to each lane and the capacity goes up by 1,400 vehicles. A three-lane drive can carry from half to two thirds more traffic. (Engineers turn thumbs down on three lanes, because the middle passing lane is a gamble. A three-lane road carrying more than 9,000 vehicles a day breeds nearly three times the accidents of four lanes. The four-lane divided highway has but one seventh the accidents of three lanes.)

The President's report to Congress on "Highway Needs of the National Defense" spelled out the size of the job of widening traffic lanes in its examination of the National System of Interstate Highways, the 37,800 miles of most importance to the nation. (Twenty per cent of all traffic flows through this system.)

The engineers found that lanes 12 feet wide are the minimum width for freight trucks to pass one another safely. These trucks are eight feet wide. Eleven foot widths are tolerable only when the traffic is less than 300 vehicles an hour.

Yet, more than 55 per cent of the total mileage on this key road system running across the nation is two lanes of less than 11 feet. On 600 miles of this narrow mileage, the traffic count was more than 800 an hour. The emergency prescription of the "highway doctors" was: "widen 9,250 miles of rural two lanes to 24 feet, convert 875 miles

*(Continued on page 56)*



Do they hurt when you bite?

Is it worth saving?

Have they drifted apart?

UPPER RIGHT

UPPER LEFT

## THE TEETH IN YOUR FUTURE

By DONALD G. COOLEY

**A** WIFE charged in her divorce complaint that her husband's false teeth clicked when he talked. Worse, they clicked when he was supposed to be listening. A wry little news item like that discourages a man whose teeth already have given him the best years of their lives. What's our dental future at middle age? By then, if not before, the majority of us face up to decisions about partial dentures, or full dentures, or a choice of "gumming it."

You're doing as well as average if you have 18.3 of your own teeth worth keeping at age 45. That three tenths of a tooth is a statistical fraction but it flatters the fractional molars that hang on in some mouths. At 55 you should have 13.5 teeth of your own, dwindling to 9.2 at age 65. Maybe those survey statistics don't fit you. But they suggest that men of comparable age, whose flashy smiles you admire, are beneficiaries of the artful restoration and flattering facsimile.

False teeth aren't proof positive that a man is floundering into senility. Far from it! Youth and good health are no guarantee of good teeth. Look at the iron men of football—for instance, members of a championship team of the University of Minnesota. They were superb, near-perfect physical specimens. But their teeth were no better than those of general students, including grinds who couldn't lift an Indian club. In our civilization the life span of teeth is shorter than the life span of man.

Dr. A. F. Schopper, president of the Missouri State Dental Association, says that false teeth are on the way out. He means that in 100 generations man may have learned how to keep his own teeth. On the other hand, many anthropologists believe that man is evolving toward toothlessness.

As brains get bigger, jaws get smaller, which leaves us the problem of what to do about it when our brains crowd out our teeth.

Do you have some molars that hurt when you bite on them? Sore, swollen or receding gums? Wobbly teeth, or teeth so scattered they haven't a spot to hit on? Can you get rid of creaks and aches and vague ill health by having your teeth out? Or is there a lot of good mileage left in the old snags, nicely bolstered by bridges or partial dentures? Is there any truth in stories you may have heard of people being cured of indigestion, impaired hearing, malnutrition, and wrinkles, by having their mouths made over?

When a man ponders questions like those, it's a safe bet that he has grown out of the age when new cavities are the biggest threat to his teeth. True, cavities can form at any age and countless teeth are lost in middle life because of neglected decay.

But tooth decay, rampant in children and adolescents, usually lessens with age as we develop relative immunities to new cavities. Decay prevention is important but it shouldn't overshadow the insidious tooth hazards that come with maturity. Dr. George Bruns, president of the American Academy of Dental Medicine, charges that public "obsession" with tooth decay deters education about gum and bone diseases "responsible for more than 80 per cent of teeth lost today."

In everyday language, pyorrhea is the word for these diseases. Strictly speaking, pyorrhea means a flow of pus from the gums, but its popular meaning is broad enough to cover what the dentist calls periodontal disease—injury or destruction of bone and tissue that hold our teeth in their sockets. There's a widespread belief that pyorrhea is incurable. One dentist cites three hair-raising case histories that definitely were beyond cure.

"Each man admitted that I was the first dentist he had ever consulted," he said. "I believed 'em, for there wasn't a tooth in sight when I examined their



mouths. Nothing but healed gums, ready for impressions. Each man, from time to time, had pulled his own teeth with his fingers. It was easy—they literally dropped out."

Time was when such tragedies were considered inevitable, the easy way out. Most cases of periodontal disease are now known to be preventable, and diagnosis should be made before teeth are hopelessly involved.

"Let us once and for all put an end to the ancient idea that pyorrhea cannot be cured," Dr. Jacoby T. Rothner, professor of periodontia at the Temple University School of Dentistry, advises his colleagues. "The blame for this notion falls on the negligent and indifferent practitioner."

In talking with dentists and checking scores of research reports, I soon discovered that many men in the profession feel that it is especially important for a man of middle age to have a dentist who

full and firm, or the tips may be flattened, shortened, may even have crawled down around the tooth roots. X-rays also give a clue to the density of bone, and help decide whether a given tooth will be a sturdy anchor for a partial denture.

Self-inspection may turn up other signs of dental trouble that fillings won't correct. Have any of your teeth drifted apart, so there's a space between them that never used to be there? Can you twist a tooth a little in its socket, or move it back and forth with your fingers? A little "give" is normal, but a tooth that can be moved a millimeter or so is probably losing support. Do your teeth appear to be getting longer, the gums receding? Are the margins of the gums thickened, or do they look as if a colored pencil had traced a deep pink, red, or even a blue line where gums meet teeth?

Signs like those call for skilled and prompt diagnosis. For, although pyorrhea can be cured—tissues restored to health—the cure lies in stopping destruction, not replacing what is already lost.

Periodontal disease isn't limited to man (woman is slightly less susceptible). It's seen in some captive wild animals. Dr. F. J. Colyer, a veterinarian, says that pyorrhea is nearly as common in horses as in man. Dogs, especially pug-nosed

dogs, are likely victims unless given food they can tear apart. Vets frequently are asked to fill or remove the teeth of a dog whose soft-hearted owner tosses him a canape instead of a bone.

In humans, pyorrhea is occasionally traced to systemic diseases. More often, the patient's general health is excellent. Unfairly, mouths that have many decay-free teeth are a bit more vulnerable to pyorrhea. Many a man who hasn't a filling has to lose his teeth, while a fellow whose mouth looks like Fort Knox keeps his to the end.

Your bite may be so much worse than your bark that pyorrhea comes along. Your bite, which dentists call occlusion, means the way your teeth come together when you close your jaws. They should mesh evenly, so that a few teeth

don't do all the work while others go along for the ride. They should slide forward and sidewise with some freedom, for chewing isn't an up-and-down motion.

"Traumatic occlusion" is the dental term for a bite so bad that excessive pressures on certain teeth cause bone to disappear, or teeth to drift and tilt and set the stage for further trouble. Wide open spaces left by past extractions encourage neighboring teeth to fill the gap, and unpleasant things can happen to one's bite.

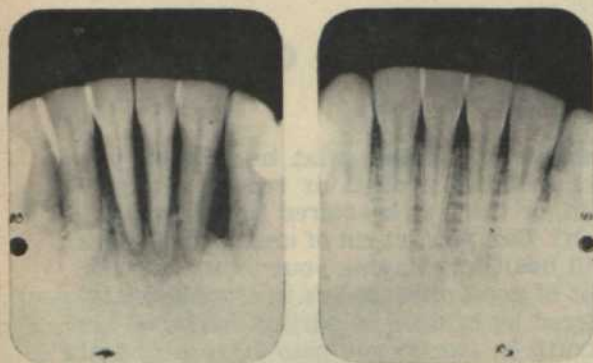
One traveling salesman complained bitterly that his teeth hurt whenever he finished a long, hard day of driving. His dentist discovered that he gritted his teeth when he was tense and fatigued. Tooth-grinding and jaw-clenching are so common that they're dignified by a disease name, "bruxism." Much of it goes on at night, as a man unconsciously chews over his problems. Severe, sustained pressures can work damage on supporting bone. An appliance something like a boxer's mouthpiece can be made for men who can't control a nervous habit and are thereby grinding their way into dentures. Pencil-chewing and continual clamping of a pipstern can overburden the teeth involved.

In planning bridges, crowns, or dentures, a dentist is much concerned with "bite." His ideal is to take strains off teeth that "hit too soon," and make lazy teeth go back to work, by restoring opposed tooth surfaces—or their artificial substitutes—to even and normal heights. Then, when you bite, you bite all over, and you have corrected an important factor in periodontal disease.

Sometimes an uncomfortable bite can be corrected by simple grinding of tooth cusps that are out of line and receive constant battering. However, a man who has been gnawing steaks and other resistant nutriment for half a century often has worn down his back teeth so that his bite needs "opening"—building up tooth height to what it used to be.

Odd changes are attributed to closed bites. The lower jaw may creep closer to the nose. The hinge on which the jaw swings—the temporo-mandibular joint—may take a load it was never designed for. Worn-down teeth aren't good shock absorbers, and the joint gets the shock. The joint is in front of and close to the ears. Dentistry is no sure cure for deafness, but complaints of impaired hearing and ringing in the ears occasionally

(Continued on page 72)



*All's well if the spikes between your teeth are full and firm, right. Look out if X-rays show they've crawled down around the roots*

regards the patient's mouth as a living structure—capable, with help, of growth, repair and adjustment. One mark of a good dentist for a mature man is that he is as concerned about gums and bone as about teeth. If he's in tune with the biological revolution in dentistry, he'll fight to keep a tooth he judges to be useful. Sometimes he has to fight a patient who's bent on ruthless extraction.

Does your dentist take occasional X-rays of your mouth? The \$5 to \$15 fee is a good investment.

Ask him to show you your own X-rays and to compare them with others he has in his files. He will point out the supporting bone that should jut up spike-like between the teeth. First signs of bone loss usually are detected in X-rays. You can see differences yourself: spikes between the teeth may be





BLACK STAR

By KEITH MONROE

# What Goes on Before Helsinki

**W**HEN the great opening parade struggles into formation outside the stadium in Helsinki this summer, the Olympic games will be officially under way so far as the public is concerned. But for dozens of sports-loving businessmen, the parade is not the beginning. It is, rather, the last throb of a headache which began nine years ago.

The host city for the Olympics usually is chosen that far in advance (except when wars get in the way) and cities are jockeying for the honor several years before the decision is made. The Olympics bring an estimated 100,000 visitors to a city, and the American team alone has spent at least \$400,000 abroad on every recent trip. Therefore the International Olympic Committee always has plenty of invitations from which to choose. However, the care and feeding of such a horde of guests is a burden

as well as a bonanza, and cities which want to play host must satisfy the IOC that they can do the job.

This has meant a tremendous task for the civic boosters of Helsinki, where the games are being held this summer. The Finns had to explain how a city with only 4,000 hotel beds could accommodate 100,000 guests; how food and sanitation could be handled in a city of 340,000 when its population would jump 30 per cent overnight; how it could avoid immovable traffic jams when everyone would be fighting to reach a stadium at the same hour; how the nine different stadiums and dozens of practice fields required for the 18 sports could be built to Olympic specifications, how Helsinki could raise enough money to meet the cost of staging the world's biggest show. The cost cannot be calcu-





*Food is required to suit the varying appetites from 76 nations*

lated ahead of time, but always runs to several million dollars.

Helsinki first applied for the games in the mid-1930s, and between rebuffs it has had time to figure out tentative solutions to its problems. Apparently it can lick the housing shortage; it has made about 50,000 reservations for guests in private homes, and the organizing committee has arranged various inducements to lure city residents out of town during the games so that additional rooms can be used. Boulevards have been widened and a vast web of traffic routings devised to avoid jams. Superb new stadiums are ready. Seutula airport, which did not have runways long enough for big airlines, has been enlarged in spite of a lack of money to pay laborers; persons convicted of drunken driving were sentenced to work on the runways.

Nobody can be sure that the Helsinki committee will have enough money to pay its bills—usually an Olympic city's organizing committee is broke and in mental collapse by the end of the games—but a good start has been made. In 1950 the Finnish parliament guaranteed Helsinki 300,000,000 marks (\$1,250,000) toward expenses. Public subscription drives have brought in good hauls; Finnish-Americans in the United States contributed \$14,000 to one.

With smart management, local businessmen can provide everything necessary for an Olympiad, down to the last footbath and score card, and still wind up with surplus

cash. Los Angeles proved this in 1932, the last time the games were held in this country. A committee of Angelenos began agitating in 1919, succeeded in 1923, and spent the next nine years preparing their city.

They got a big Olympic Auditorium built by private interests, for use in commercial sports shows during the intervening years but to be turned over to the committee when the big year rolled around. They persuaded country clubs to start expansion programs so there would be fields for polo and the other equestrian sports. To provide training facilities for 2,000 visiting athletes, new clubs were developed, and the city built numerous playgrounds and swimming pools. All these facilities are still in use today by the public.

In California's case, there were financial dividends, too. After the dust had settled the organizing committee added up its books and discovered it had more than \$1,000,000 which legally belonged to no one. No provision had ever been made for distribution of profits from the Olympics, because until 1932 there had never been any. The IOC, the Amateur Athletic Union, the American Olympic Committee, the city government of Los Angeles and several other groups tried to talk the organizing committee out of the surplus, but the committee gave it back to the people of California by buying up a state bond issue and presenting it to the state.

Neither Berlin in 1936 nor London in 1948 showed a profit. How-

ever, Los Angeles thinks it can turn the trick again, and is angling for the 1960 games. It is said to be dangling some attractive bait—an offer to donate all profits to the International Olympic Committee, which chooses the site.

The IOC is a group of 50 kindly aristocrats from 44 countries. It makes no pretense of being a democratic or representative group; vacancies are filled by invitation of the members, and no member considers himself a spokesman for his own nation. The IOC holds the distinction of being the only international group which ever made Hitler back down.

When Hitler discovered that Dr. Theodor Lewald, head of the organizing committee in Berlin, had a Jewish grandmother, he ordered Lewald removed. The IOC told him that the games would be canceled unless Lewald stayed; and furthermore that guarantees of good treatment for all Jewish and Negro athletes must be given. Hitler, who wanted the games for their propaganda value, capitulated.

Helsinki's committee is unlikely to emerge from the Olympic games with any money left over, but the city will nevertheless be a pleasanter place for its residents. Every house in Helsinki has been painted in the past year. Under travel grants provided by the Finnish Hotels and Restaurants Association, waiters and headwaiters and chefs have been employed abroad for one year to learn the best continental cuisine and service. Two Olympic villages for the housing of 7,000 athletes from 76 nations will be converted to apartment houses when the games end.

While Helsinki's organizing committee frets about the expenses of staging the games, other committees throughout the world are fretting about the cost of getting there. Each competing nation has an Olympic committee which, in addition to picking the team, must raise the money for transportation of athletes and officials. Frequently the "official" category is the larger; Italy plans to send 200 athletes and 250 officials. The United States committee, which in 1948 tried to send every athlete's college coach with him, plus a throng of AAU dignitaries, is cutting down on badge-wearers this time; only 35 noncompetitors are scheduled to make the trip with the 349 athletes.

To judge from past experience, most teams will board ship with part of their expense money still unraised, and a few might fail to reach Helsinki. In 1932, the Bra-



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zilian boys were sent, penniless, on a vessel loaded with coffee. The idea was to sell the coffee on arrival and thus pay the team's expenses. But a government quota on Brazilian coffee prevented the boat from landing. Most of the team never did get into the games.

Even the United States committee usually falls short of the quota by embarkation day, but wealthy donors always have leaped into the breach at the final moment. In 1936 a large deficit was wiped out in the last few days with the help of contributions from race tracks and professional baseball leagues (as well as a \$1,000 gift from prize fighter Ike Williams).

**T**HIS year the quota for the American team is \$850,000, and subcommittees have been at work in every part of the country for almost a year. The crowd at each big sports event has been asked for donations to the Olympic Fund. Gate receipts from Olympic try-outs, running as high as \$50,000 at the track finals in Los Angeles, have gone into the kitty. The bulk of the fund, however, comes out of the bankrolls of large donors. Many corporations contribute.

Just in case the full amount isn't in sight by departure date, the American Olympic Committee has a schedule of priorities worked out. The first boys to be lopped from the list would be the field hockey players, to be followed by the yachting team and the women's track and field squad if necessary. The reason is that these sports are least likely to produce any American winners. Our country's strongest teams—track, swimming and basketball—have the highest priorities.

This year will be the first time Communist Russia has entered. Ever since the announcement from Moscow, our State Department has been a vigorous promoter for the games, urging governors and mayors to get behind the fund-raising drive, instructing its ambassadors to encourage foreign governments to send teams and spectators, and using the Voice of America to whoop up interest.

Win or lose, Russia and her satellites seem sure to do a lot of arguing. Even before the 1948 games started, several Iron Curtain teams stirred up a hot argument by plastering Red propaganda posters on the outside of their training quarters near London. Nearby teams protested. After some suave talking by British Olympic officials, the Communist squads surprised everyone by

agreeing to take down their posters.

After the games ended, with America far ahead in point totals, the captain of the Rumanian team charged that U. S. financial circles had influenced the results. During the winter Olympics this year, the Soviet news service, Tass, accused the Canadian and U. S. hockey teams of a "deal" in playing to a tie which forced Czechoslovakia out of second place. (Russia did not compete in the winter events, but its "observers" were in Oslo.)

It is impossible to keep politics out of the Olympics. There are always diplomatic catfights—one country won't come if another is invited; an ousted administration won't turn over entry blanks to its successor; rival political parties in a country may send rival teams. The Irish always object loudly to having their points credited to England.

The Swedes and Finns have been feuding for years, and doubtless will continue during the Olympiad. The Finns still feel that the Swedes (who ruled their country for eight centuries) were behind the IOC's decision to bar Paavo Nurmi for professionalism in 1932, so Finland spends much time trying to get various Swedish stars ruled out.

In 1936 two complete teams arrived from Brazil, each claiming



the other was spurious. Berlin's arbiters could think of no way to settle the dispute except the totalitarian stroke of barring both teams. When a similar situation arose in Los Angeles, with duplicate Argentine teams starting a fist fight in the Olympic Village over the question of which team was accredited to compete, the Yankee hosts suggested letting both teams enter, and this pacified everybody temporarily.

Then the Argentine officials squabbled about who was the rightful president of the Argentine Olympic Committee; the Americans simply had two president's badges made, and gave one to each.

When teams and their equipment start through customs en route to the games, nerves tighten to the screaming point. At Athens, the Greek customs officers confiscated the Italian's mineral water on the theory that it was gin. At

London, Scotland Yard demanded to test each bottle of liniment entering the country, under the Dangerous Drugs Act; the Ministry of Agriculture insisted on inspecting each horse; the Customs and Excise Department charged \$52,000 on import duties for \$40,000 worth of chronometers donated by a Swiss watch firm, although the watches were to be returned to Switzerland afterward.

After days of debate, the British Government gave up this latter demand, and the Swiss company apparently bore no grudge, because it is donating 441 precision watches to the Helsinki committee.

Even during the comparatively calm training period while teams are getting their land legs before the games start, there will be fireworks, if past Olympiads are any guide. Unpleasantries will be exchanged over who is to train where. All the swimming teams will want more time to work out in the Olympic pool, where hours are rotated daily.

**D**URING the 16 days of actual competition in Helsinki, officials will be under heavy pressure. Many of them will stay in a stadium all day and sleep there at night. The attendance at the 154 different programs will vary unpredictably, but committeemen must estimate in advance the number of stadium workers needed, the amount of change at the ticket booths, the money for payrolls. The shooting, swimming and fencing stadiums, boxing auditorium, rowing course, equestrian arena and cycling bowl, must be cleaned three times a day.

Thousands of photographs must be developed and printed daily. The day's program for spectators, as thick as a weekly news magazine, must go to press each night. Teleprinters must keep 500 visiting newsmen informed of the progress of each event at every field. A battery of 25 telephone operators, speaking four languages, provided with revolving racks containing up-to-the-minute information about every phase of the games, must function day and night.

Committeemen must make sure that every hurdle, jumping standard, first aid kit, tape measure, typewriter, judge and doctor is in the right place at the right time.

If previous Olympian proceedings are any index, by the time the Helsinki festival is over all the committeemen and dignitaries connected with it will have made a solemn resolution not to raise their sons to be Olympic games officials.



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# SHUT-IN SCOUTS



**FREDDIE WILSON** wanted, more than anything else, to be a Boy Scout. He dreamed about it day and night. He chattered about it

constantly to his parents, his sisters, the kids in his neighborhood in Reno, Nev.

"When I get to be a Boy Scout—," he'd declare.

But Freddie is partly blind and a spastic cripple, who can stand alone in his braces only as long as it takes him to count 100. He spends most of his time in bed. And Scouts are strong, husky boys.

So Freddie's burning desire fluttered and all but went out. He gave up hope.

Yet today, Freddie is a Boy Scout. He's a member of one of the most unusual troops in the world.

Along with two dozen other boys who are the victims of crippling diseases and accident, he belongs to a troop that is just for youngsters whose world is bounded by four walls.

This new version of Scout work, which is bringing hope into the lives of boys who face life with two strikes against them, sprang from the tragic experience of a man who saw his own son stricken by disease

as a child and cheated of the experiences of a normal boyhood.

The man is Walter Parsons, who retired from the U. S. Army a few years ago after a lifetime in the intelligence service and now makes his home in Reno. When his only son, Bill, was six, he began to suffer from a creeping paralysis. Since then, nearly 20 years ago, Bill has been confined to a hospital cot and a wheel chair.

As Walter Parsons' intelligence work with the Army took him all over the world, he saw on every hand youngsters, who, like his own boy, were sentenced by disease to spend all or many of their years as shut-ins. He determined that, when he could, he would take steps to brighten their days. That chance came after his retirement, when he became assistant commissioner for Cub Scouts for the district of Nevada and Eastern California.

The Lone Pine Tribe No. 110 of the Boy Scouts is the result of his sympathy, vision and determination.

"Each boy is a lone pine," he says, "living his own circumscribed life and learning to stand alone." A Boy Scout pennant, bearing the insignia of a single pine tree such as grows on the nearby Sierra Nevada mountains, hangs in the room of

each member of the tribe, a constant reminder of that challenge.

"How wonderful!" everyone exclaims today as he learns of the shut-in troop and the accomplishments of the boys. But it was not always that way.

As any new idea, it was looked upon skeptically at first.

Even the Reno district council, a group of forward-looking men and women, had doubts. Then, it saw that Scouting is for all boys, handicapped or not, and gave its blessing and enthusiasm.

Parsons found five shut-in boys who wanted to be Scouts, and in 1949 organized the first troop of its kind. All of the boys had been stricken with rheumatic fever.

But before the troop could be recognized and the boys become regular Scouts, the sanction of the Boy Scouts of America had to be obtained. A letter to national headquarters explained what had been done and asked for suggestions. The proposal reached the chief Scout executive himself. Then came the green light, and congratulations with it.

Now, not only can the shut-ins become Boy Scouts, they can win a variety of awards and badges and even become Eagle Scouts, the highest achievement that can be earned in Scouting.

It was pioneer work from the beginning. First there had to be a tribe sponsor. Walter Parsons talked to the men of Reno's St. John's Presbyterian Church. They agreed to serve. Then a group of adults had to be organized to work with the boys and the parents had to agree to the program.

Physicians had to understand the idea and approve it for their patients. Now the doctors find the Lone Pine Tribe one of their best helpers in restoring the health, physical and mental, of their charges.

When Walter Parsons' phone rings these days, it most likely is a physician on the wire.

"I need your help," he says. "Johnny Jones is down with a bad heart. Can you go out to see him tonight and sign him up for the shut-in tribe?"

Parsons wastes no time. And one



## What Size Building Do You Need?

more boy is a Lone Pine. Business and professional men and housewives have joined with Parsons in bringing cheer and assistance to the shut-in Scouts. All these men and women are trained scouters and are "graduates" of local Scout education programs.

Unlike Scoutmasters with regular troops, however, they are never called "leaders." To themselves and to the boys as well, they are "friend-counselors." The only officer of the troop is Parsons, who is called Tribemaster, although the boys never refer to him as that. To them, he is just their friend, "Uncle Walter."

While the shut-ins can't hold meetings, they get together by radio whenever one of their members wins a merit badge. One of the Reno radio stations arranges an hour given over just to the Court of Honor conducted for the Lone Pine Scouters.

And the bed-ridden Scouts, despite the hardships of blindness, infantile paralysis, rheumatic fever, crippling accident, heart disease, have piled up an amazing number of merit badges. They have been achieved in safety, personal health, public health, citizenship, carpentry, first aid, home repairs, music, leatherwork, telegraphy, stamp collecting, making model airplanes, and even swimming.

Twice a year the boys get together away from their own homes and see what the outside world looks like. Each spring, they attend services at St. John's Church, their sponsor, in a body. And each summer they are guests at the Shrine circus in Mackay Stadium at the University of Nevada.

Many of the boys get well enough to leave their beds and live a more normal life. The first thing they do is to join another Scout troop—one for the physically able. And new casualties of disease replace them.

The shut-in tribe idea has spread to other parts of the country and even abroad. These boys, in Reno and elsewhere, now have life with a purpose. They are meeting a challenge which helps them meet an even greater challenge, that of a permanently impaired life.

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# Greater

## 20 great features

that mean finer performance at lower cost

**VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE:** The right power for your job—plus economy—in the Loadmaster or the Thriftmaster engine.

**BLUE-FLAME COMBUSTION:** High efficiency combustion chamber squeezes all available power from fuel.

**POWER-JET CARBURETION:** Meters the flow of fuel to meet exact requirements of engine load and speed with 2-way controlled ignition.

**FULL LENGTH JACKET WATER COOLING:** Water jackets completely surround each cylinder for more complete cooling.

**SPECIALIZED 4-WAY LUBRICATION:** Provides 4 special types of lubrication to lengthen engine life.

**SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION:** Quick, quiet, safe shifting—eliminates "double-clutching."

**DIAPHRAGM SPRING CLUTCH:** One single-disc spring provides positive engagement, reduces wear.

**HYPOID REAR AXLE:** Lowers tooth pressures, stronger tooth section gives extra durability.

**STRADDLE-MOUNTED PINION:** Maintains better gear alignment, better tooth contact on medium- and heavy-duty models.

**SINGLE-UNIT REAR AXLE HOUSING:** No bolts, no joints, formed from tubular beams to withstand heavy loads.

**FULL SIZE REAR AXLE INSPECTION PLATE:** Saves time and trouble on inspections during regular maintenance.

**SPLINED AXLE-TO-HUB CONNECTION:** Driving splines mate directly with wheel hubs on heavy-duty models. No bolts to loosen or permit oil leaks.

**BALL-GEAR STEERING:** Free rolling steel balls between worm and nut cut friction, save wear.

**"TWIN-ACTION" HEAVY-DUTY REAR BRAKES:** Two cylinders in each brake, gives safer, more positive braking.

**"TORQUE-ACTION" LIGHT-DUTY BRAKES:** Make full use of truck momentum for greater stopping power.

**BONDED BRAKE LININGS:** Rivetless linings on light- and medium-duty models nearly double lining life.

**BATTLESHIP CAB CONSTRUCTION:** Each cab is a double walled, all-welded steel unit of great strength.

**FLEXI-MOUNTED CAB:** Minimizes vibration and driver fatigue.

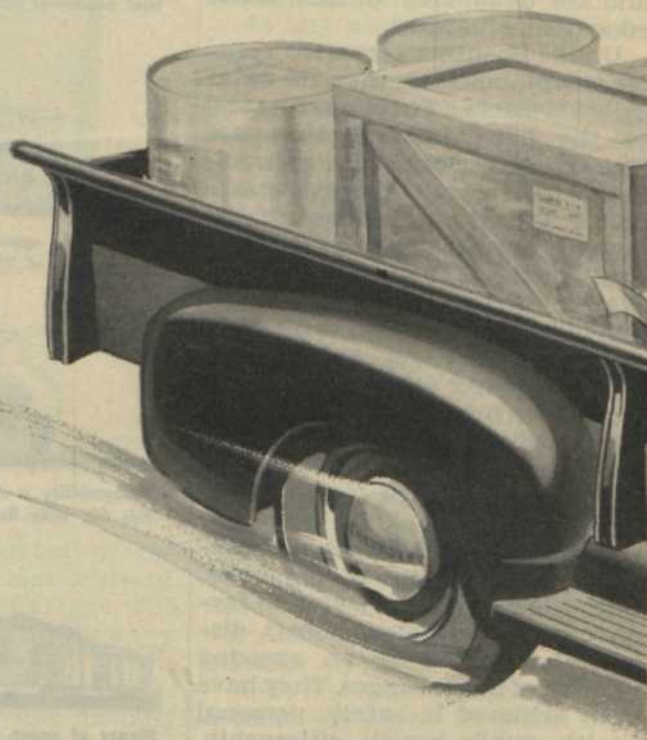
**HEAVY-DUTY CHANNEL TYPE FRAME:** Deep channel-section side rails give maximum rigidity.

**UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES:** Floors, tops, sides built as separate matching units for greater strength and safety. Widest color choice at no extra cost.

## 10 straight years

as first choice of America's truck buyers

Year after year—for 10 straight truck-production years—truck users have picked Chevrolet over any other truck in the field. They get *more truck for less money*. They get *great truck features at lowest cost*. They save with Chevrolet.



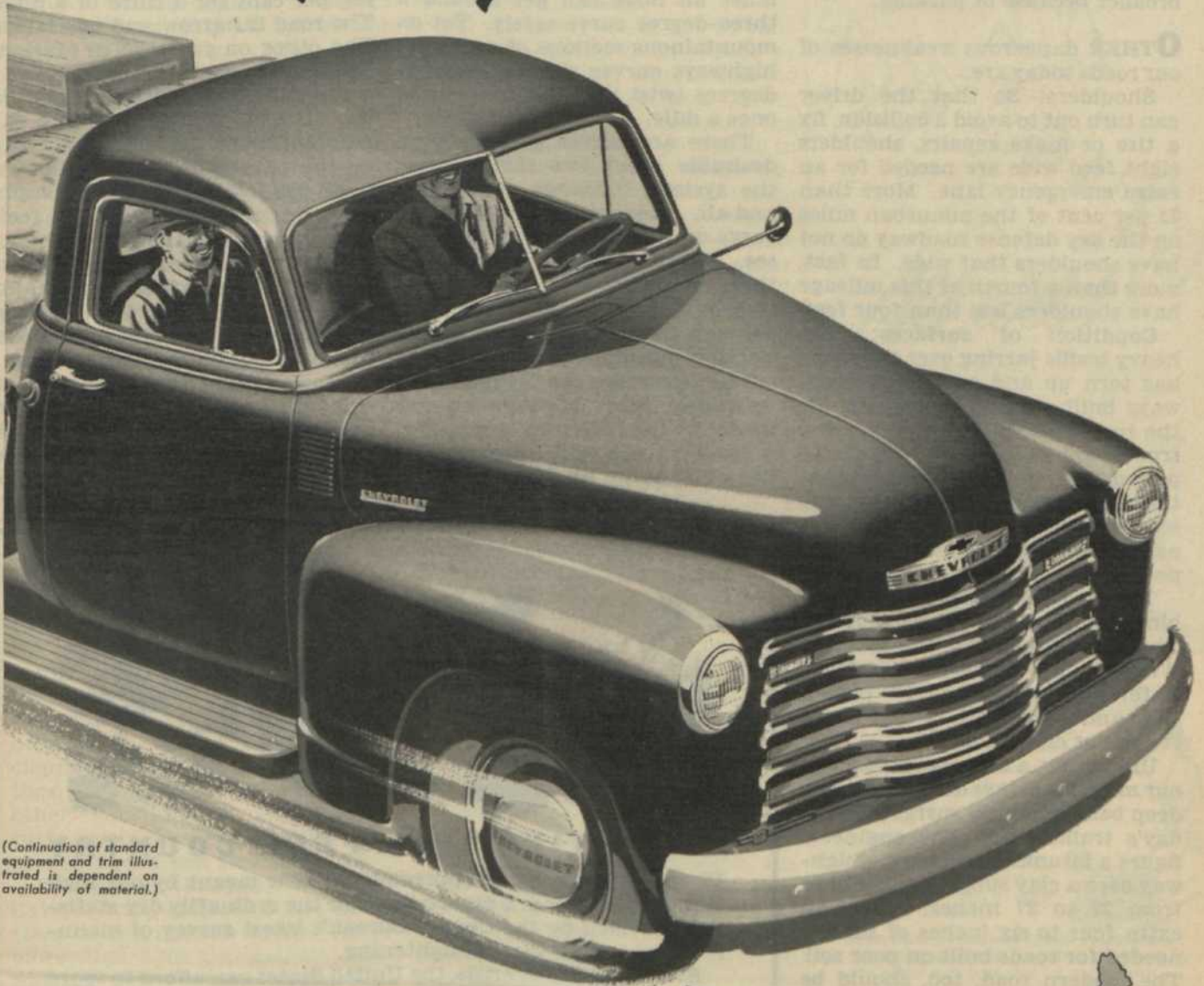
**I**F YOU have a job for a truck . . . Chevrolet has the truck for the job.

Chevrolet trucks list for less. They work long and dependably for rock bottom wages. They bring you great truck features that save money on operation and upkeep.

These are the solid facts that lead *more* truck users, year after year, to choose Chevrolet



# utility per dollar *and for fewer dollars*



(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

trucks over any other make. That goes for fleet buyers and single truck buyers. It's true for farm, industry and commercial use.

In your business, Chevrolet trucks can cut hauling or delivery costs. And today, as always, *saving money* is about the best way to *make money*. Give your Chevrolet dealer a call, and talk it over. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



**MORE CHEVROLET TRUCKS IN USE  
THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!**



# Modern Cars Ride Ancient Roads

(Continued from page 44)

of two lanes and 1,350 miles of three and four lanes into four-lane divided highways, and widen 450 miles of divided highways."

More than half the city streets carrying through highway traffic on this main artery were too narrow, even by the standards for rural roads. City streets should be broader because of parking.

**OTHER** dangerous weaknesses of our roads today are:

**Shoulders:** So that the driver can turn out to avoid a collision, fix a tire or make repairs, shoulders eight feet wide are needed for an extra emergency lane. More than 71 per cent of the nonurban miles on the key defense roadway do not have shoulders that wide. In fact, more than a fourth of this mileage have shoulders less than four feet.

**Condition of surfaces:** The heavy traffic jarring over the roads has torn up and outmoded highways built even 15 years ago. In the road-building '20's, only a few trucks weighed more than 20,000 pounds. There were no combination truck-trailers or tractor-semi-trailers. But by 1949 the average loaded weight was up to 36,000 pounds.

Today, loaded three unit combines weigh up to 70,000 pounds. These weights bend the surface. When the pavement presses down, water pumping out below pushes sand and gravel with it. The result is a rut or chuckhole.

Unhappily, a large percentage of our main highways do not have the deep base or sturdy surface for today's traffic load. The engineers figure a bituminous concrete highway over a clay subgrade should be from 22 to 27 inches thick. An extra four to six inches of sand is needed for roads built on poor soil. The modern road, too, should be able to support an 18,000-pound axle load.

A study of the condition of the roads on the major cross-country network showed that 57 per cent would wear out in ten years. This was broken down—52 per cent of the high-type pavement such as we have on most highways, 85 per cent of the low-cost bituminous surfaces, and 93 per cent of the gravel or stone surfaces would be destroyed in this decade.

Another eye-opening point is that the average mile of rural highway on the defense chain has

a surface laid as long ago as 1937 and a roadway improved for alignment and grade back in 1932.

**Curves:** Longer cars and trucks and higher speeds demand long, easily maneuvered curves. At today's high speeds, the Bureau of Roads recommends a three-degree curve, which has a radius of about 1,900 feet. A car traveling at 70 miles an hour can get around a three-degree curve safely. Yet on mountainous sections of our main highways curves sharper than 11 degrees twist the road more than once a mile.

There are curves sharper than desirable every two miles across the system, flatlands, mountains and all. A real killer is a 15-degree curve on U.S. Route 31 in Tennessee. Within a matter of weeks, three motorists were killed. The tortuous, winding stretch of U.S. 66 through the Arizona mountains is another example of too extreme curves occurring too frequently.

**Grades:** Most of them on our roads are too high and clog traffic. A loaded truck will grind up the hill at 20 miles an hour on three

per cent grades and block traffic for miles. A maximum standard for grades signed and sealed by the Bureau of Public Roads and the American Association of State Highway Officials is five per cent preferable, and six per cent the absolute maximum. There were 668 grades steeper than the maximum on the National System of Interstate Highways at the last survey.

Two grades are real humdingers familiar to motorists in the eastern U. S. One on route 40 at Old Washington, Ohio, averages more than ten per cent for a third of a mile. The road is narrow and two lanes. The other on route 70 in Marion, N. C., averages 11 per cent.

**Stopping Sight Distance:** This is the distance needed to stop a car before it hits a hole or object lying on the pavement. At 50 miles an hour, 350 feet are needed; 60 mph, 475 feet, and 70 mph, 600 feet. Seven per cent of the defense highway is checked as minus. In most of the 21,028 unsafe sections major surgery was called for—altering the alignment or profile of the road to flatten out obstructing curves.

**Passing Sight Distance:** A clear sight distance of 1,500 feet ahead at regular intervals (every 6,000 feet) is a must for safe traffic. One fourth of the entire rural mileage



## STATISTICS IN A FREE COUNTRY

IF you really want to appreciate what is meant by our high standard of living, a glance through the ordinarily dry statistics provided by the Census Bureau's latest survey of manufactures can be most enlightening.

Even in a time of crisis, the United States can afford to spare hundreds of thousands of workers to produce some of the amenities, some of the "little things" which do so much to raise our life above the levels of mere existence of much of the rest of the world.

More than 81,000 persons in our country make their living working in candy factories. That doesn't include the 44,000 who make ice cream and ices. Nearly 24,000 are at work mixing our sauces, and 11,000 more our flavorings.

We are a country devoted to sports, so nearly 25,000 make a living turning out athletic equipment. Even so, 15,000 find employment in musical instrument factories; 6,500 in making phonograph records.

The working girl commands the services of 26,752 turning out costume jewelry; the sentimental choose from greeting cards produced by 16,000.

—SAM SHULSKY



on the NSIH was unsafe on this score.

**Bridges:** Despite a few magnificent spans across rivers and bays, we are just one step ahead of the nostalgic antique, the old covered bridge. Most of our bridges today are too narrow, without enough vertical clearance, or too weak. (Engineers recommend that bridges on well traveled highways be strong enough to stand frequent crossings by a 20-ton trailer truck coupled to a semi-trailer, or a gross load of 72,000 pounds. Of the 10,050 bridges on the defense network's rural sections, only 483 passed the test. Surprisingly, 1,245 were wooden, and a fifth of these were not designed to hold 15 tons.

**A STUDY** by the Automotive Safety Foundation in Virginia found 143 of the 670 bridges and grade separations below "minimum requirements for safe, efficient operation of motor vehicles." In Ohio, 22 per cent of the bridges were "intolerable." This means they may fall down the next time a heavy load passes over.

Other problems slowing traffic and endangering life are the crawling pace through cities, control of access to the main highways, unsafe railroad crossings, and lack of clearance in tunnels.

A penetrating study of city streets in Ohio and Virginia, two typical states, tells the story. In Ohio the city streets added up to 16 per cent of the state's mileage yet carried 52 per cent of the traffic. In that state, 42 per cent of the arterial streets (those connecting with through highways) were inadequate. Almost half the deficient streets were too narrow, less than the minimum of 45 feet. The other substandard streets had rutty surfaces. In Virginia, the percentage of bad streets was 66.

In addition, through city streets have so many stop signs and lights (two to the mile in every city of more than 5,000 population), jaywalking and double parking that traffic is slowed to 18 miles an hour. The Bureau of Roads estimates that street modernization could increase traffic speed to 35 miles an hour. In the defense highway route alone, this time saving would amount to \$209,000,000 a year or a cent a minute for the drivers.

In the rural portions of our main highways the free flow of traffic is interrupted in dangerous jerks and slowdowns by cars popping out of side roads or pulling out from stands and taverns. The Defense Department points out, "Control of access is important to preserve an

effective system. Too much direct access and cross traffic creates excessive congestion and lessens the control of the highway for high priority civilian and/or military traffic in an emergency."

A four-lane expressway with its intersecting traffic completely controlled can handle 45,000 vehicles a day. Yet only a few expressways control the cross traffic. In Ohio, access is controlled on less than 25 miles of key routes throughout the entire state. The cross-country defense highway needs at least 118 crossings eliminated.

The defense system has 21 tunnels, every one of them classed as "inadequate." The weakness is too little clearance up and down, across, or both. As an example, the Mitchell Point tunnel on U.S. 30 in Oregon is so narrow and the approaches so winding that traffic lights control one-way traffic. Traffic is held up on one side, while cars come through from the other. The long Bankhead tunnel on U.S. 90 at Mobile, Ala., has an hourly traffic of 1,030 vehicles, but the pavement is only 21 feet wide and the vertical clearance 12 feet.

**ALL** this adds up to a growing traffic paralysis that stifles trade and growth and is killing Americans at an appalling rate.

The cost in human lives of accidents involving motor vehicles is 37,500 a year, and increasing. The AAA counts the dollars and cents price paid for accidents at \$3,000,000,000 annually. This is sheer waste. Three fourths of the accidents can be cut out by highway improvement. This is the verdict of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, a congressional group of such men as Senators Robert Taft and Paul Douglas.

We are paying for this sickness also in gasoline consumption, insurance costs, and business loss. Tests show that motorists get 11 to 13 miles a gallon on a congested road and 20 miles to the gallon on a modern expressway. Insurance costs rise with the accident rate. Housing, factories and business follow good roads and ample parking space, and wither away as the roads deteriorate.

Thomas MacDonald, chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, warned, "We pay for highways whether we have them or not; and we pay more if we don't have them than if we do." The Joint Committee agreed, "Federal and state investment in good roads makes good business."

The United States today is face to face with the mightiest construction challenge in history!



*All wet!*

• "Ruth, run down to the postoffice and get ten dollars worth of stamps!"  
... But Ruth also ran into a sudden shower, and came back with the stamp sheets stuck together—all wet!

• Adhesive stamps, and licking and sticking, are all wet anyway. Now any small office can afford metered mailing—with the DM, desk model postage meter.

• The DM prints postage as you need it, for any kind of mail, directly on the envelope; and prints a dated postmark, and your own small ad if you like... Provides postage for parcel post. And the DM has a moistener for sealing envelopes... Anybody can use it—just dial the amount of stamp wanted, and press the handle.

• The DM can be set for as much postage as you want to buy... protects it from loss, theft, damage... does its own accounting on visible registers... saves time, effort, even postage! It's a big convenience in any office! Call the nearest PB branch today, or send for free booklet!



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# LOCKERS ANONYMOUS



No one knows or cares what's checked for 24 hours

**J**UST before boarding the Washington, D. C., express from New York's Pennsylvania station, a puffing matron opened the door of an automatic locker, shoved in her suitcase, closed the door, and dropped a dime in the slot. Four hours later she handed the key to a Washington redcap and said angrily, "I can't find the locker with this key number and I must have my luggage right away."

When he explained her suitcase was still in New York, she demanded indignantly, "You call them automatic lockers, don't you? Then why don't they automatically check luggage through?"

According to the American Locker Company, many people expect almost as much for their dime-a-day checking fee. A nervy shopper scattered packages in several subway station lockers, mailed

her keys to Frank G. Smith, the New York district manager, and directed him to "wrap and ship my purchases to my home in Springfield, Ohio." Blond, bespectacled Frank Smith amiably obliged twice. The third time a strong letter ended her free personal delivery service.

Today, the company's distinctive gray steel bins are an accepted part of the American scene. Housewives, peddlers, business executives and racketeers deposit their dimes and no one knows or cares what's checked for 24 hours. Into the hungry mouths of the company's 100,000 cabinets are fed more than 44,000,000 dimes and quarters yearly. Some in the crowded Port of Authority bus terminal in New York City average a turnover of ten dimes daily.

But 21 brief years ago, when ex-

mining engineer Hamilton W. Baker became the firm's president, Wall Street prophesied its early demise. In 1929, after taxes and other expenses were deducted, the company's net profit from 25,440 lockers was \$12,166. By 1950, with about four times as many bins in operation, the net profit after taxes and other expenses were deducted was \$358,562.

Back in 1911, two Californians, Willis Farnsworth and William Reed, had taken out the original automatic locker patent and tried unsuccessfully to make money from the cabinets. A dozen scattered firms also learned pioneering is expensive. The American Locker Company, incorporated in 1920, the first to lease bins on a uniform, nationwide basis, faced bankruptcy by 1931.

Ham Baker still had unlimited faith in the lockers. He researched railroads and parcel checking conditions throughout the country. He discovered the drab khaki color of the cabinets depressed travelers; the oddly assorted shapes and sizes and out-of-way locations were additional handicaps. Most heartening I.C.C. reports proved that while parcel room checking had dropped out of all proportion to passenger service, stations using automatic lockers actually showed an upturn in checking.

Armed with this information, he succeeded in raising \$120,000, enough to reorganize and modernize his firm. Sizes were standardized, lockers repainted bronze or soft gray, and banks of bins moved to heavily trafficked spots. Gradually the company recovered.

The firm buys its lockers and installs them under licensed agreements; for a percentage of the take, the contractee acts as agent. Contracts are made with parent organizations only: for example, the Pennsylvania Railroad main office for all its branches. The company manufactures only its patented lock, the heart and cash register of the business. Because so many tenants lose keys or don't collect parcels, it keeps at least 25,000 locks in reserve. Each lock



has a meter which records the number of dimes inserted, or as with oversized lockers, quarters.

Policy is set by the home office in Boston for its district offices, scattered throughout the country. However, locker officials require the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. "We practically never see our customers," Smith says sadly, "unless they've a complaint. But we certainly learn plenty about human nature."

Compartments are repeatedly put to varied and unusual uses. Dogs, ducks and other animals are checked, their agonized howls upsetting the entire station. Even a small child was parked in a locker, left open, of course, by a mother bent on a shopping trip.

The most trying guests are permanent ones, called "Locker Lice." One lawyer reigns over three compartments at the Pennsylvania station in New York City for 30 cents daily rental. He uses them for an office and actually lists the adjacent booth telephone on his stationery!

Attendants check meters daily ousting overdue tenants and leaving a stub telling where property can be picked up. They plug the lock for three days. If the key possessor hasn't appeared by then, his luggage joins the other orphans of travel, cramming unclaimed baggage rooms. The lock is switched to another station and a new one installed.

Lose your key and you're charged 50 cents toward defraying the cost of a new lock, plus the usual ten cent daily overtime storage fee. To get belongings, you list the description of the compartment's contents to the attendant.

The firm has learned many human foibles from years of dealing with the public. People are unbelievably creatures of habit. Put lockers where they fall over them and they use them. Lockers to the right of a door do a 20 per cent greater business because a right-handed man looks to the right.

Automatic lockers are evidently here to stay. By the end of 1950, the last breakdown available, they'd spread to 2,500 cities and towns. That year the locker earnings of the company that almost went broke 21 years before were \$1,697,980.

"Only war conditions with the shortage of steel have kept us from expanding in Europe," Smith told me. "As soon as we're back to normal, Americans can expect to find neat banks of gray lockers wherever tourists abound."

—MARY JACOBS



Did you ever  
get 100 in  
arithmetic?

Unless you were a prodigy, it was a rare and wonderful experience—80 was good, 90 was excellent, but 100 was . . . perfect! In the arithmetic of business, the standard is tougher. If the figuring isn't all right, it's all wrong . . . and the penalty is severe in lost time and lost money.

That is why no man in business can afford to do without the "100% accuracy" that adding machines bring to figuring work. And there is no equivalent to a Burroughs adding machine for speed, easy operation and for day-in, day-out dependability and long life. Rugged, precision-built Burroughs adding machines are more than "at the head of the class." *They're in a class by themselves!*

Consult the yellow pages of the telephone directory for your nearest Burroughs representative. Let him show you why it costs less to own a Burroughs. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.



Burroughs adding machines are available in a wide variety of models, hand or electrically operated, with or without subtraction. Prices start as low as \$120, plus applicable taxes.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

**Burroughs**





## Firm is Their Freedom

(Continued from page 27)

toil. Their eyes looked downward. Often their ears rang with the loud alarms of persecution.

(In all these respects, how like they were, one may reverently say, to those who stood 20 centuries ago in Palestinian streets listening to a pale rabbi as he preached the novel doctrine that they—the meek, the poor, the lowly—should inherit the Kingdom of Heaven and so brought about the most significant and enduring of man's revolutions.)

America, the compassionate mother, took them to her bosom. She comforted them and made them whole again. Then they walked erect, as befits men. Their eyes gazed ahead. Their ears filled with the work songs of a people building a new land. Their questing feet took them westward to the rim of the sun's setting.

Every man is a foot soldier carrying a back-breaking load of impedimenta. His way is hard; his compass aberrant. Yet the way of the immigrant is even harder. For, in addition to the load all men carry, he bears with him the burden of ancient prejudices and hatreds of his forsaken homeland. But those who were at one another's throats overseas, here become companions in a common adventure. In this amiable American air the lion and the lamb lay down together.

Here is a miracle beyond the telling; one that, for lack of hymnal words to celebrate it, we merely call our unity in diversity. Yet it puzzles men everywhere beyond our shores. It eludes description and evades definition: the process whereby men sprung from diverse racial stocks and environments become, under the sun of America, that new man on earth called the American.

One hundred and seventy years ago, a French-born New York farmer, Michel Jean de Crevecoeur, addressed himself to this phenomenon and predicted the future with astonishing accuracy:

"... What then is the American, this new man? He is either a European, or the descendant of a European: hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. ... Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men whose labors and posterity will one day cause great change in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims who are

carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry, which began long since in the East; they will furnish the great circle. ... The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. ... This is an American."

He is all this; and he is more. Poetic, he is a teller of tall tales, a singer of songs in a new land picking out the tunes with calloused thumb on a harp with a thousand strings. Pragmatic, he insists that things work. Visionary, he plods up the hill of the Lord. Acquisitive,

he garners wealth and gives it away. Childlike, he is incredulous of evil, but confronted with evil his face is as stone against it. Was he not truly American, that sergeant of Marines at Chateau Thierry, who shouted to his lagging men: "Come on you bastards, do you wanna live forever?"

What is the American's political inheritance; what is his creed; whence has he sprung?

In my Mississippi town there were fathers who gathered their children around them on the Fourth of July. They read to them the sonorous, organ-toned phrases of the Declaration of Independence; passages with the shining splendor upon them of the eighteenth century Age of Enlightenment from which they stemmed,

## No Foot Pinched In Oceola



**T**HERE aren't many people in Oceola, Ohio—about 100—but the town has a shoe store that sells almost 20,000 pairs of shoes a year. The little community is no more than a crossroad's settlement along U.S. Route 30 in northern central Ohio, but people from all over the nation stop to buy at the shoe store managed by Mrs. Beatrice Keyse.

It doesn't look like a store because originally the building was the local schoolhouse. The children have long since moved out, and instead of rows of desks, there are rows of boxes. Mrs. Keyse's great uncle, a cobbler from Germany, started the business in the past century, and it has been developed from one generation to the next.

Mrs. Keyse, who operated the store with her late husband and now owns it with her brother, Richard Gehrke, builds her business on an inventory of odd sizes and very narrow shoes. "We have the sizes the city stores don't carry," she says. "So if a fellow

drives 70 miles, we'll have what he wants."

The business has never had a national advertising program, but word of mouth throughout the years has done the job. "We wouldn't have this post office if it weren't for the store," said the wife of the postmaster. Mrs. Keyse ships to most of the other 47 states.

Often the mail-order customers have a distorted idea of the address; for instance, Mrs. Keyse has received letters sent to the "Shoe Store in the Stable."

Sunday is the busy day. Families come from great distances to buy a stock of shoes. When the weather is good, there are sometimes 30 to 40 cars parked around the old schoolhouse.

Where but in Oceola could you find the following situation? On a warm Sunday afternoon, while your Aunt Annie tries on shoes that are narrow as a pitchfork handle, Uncle Ben reclines on the store's front lawn under the big shade trees.—LEONARD A. STEVENS



given immortal form by Thomas Jefferson. Here was proclaimed the birth of a nation. Here also, with matchless eloquence, was set forth our basic philosophy of democracy and liberty.

This is a sublime document for it is a charter of man. It holds that every man is endowed at birth with certain unalienable rights; rights so sacred that no government may trespass upon them. It reiterates that uniqueness of man with which God has invested him. Thus, so long as we cling to it, it stands as a bulwark against tyrants; an assertion of principles that today are dangerously threatened by powers of darkness: the exalted principles that while man is a creature of God, the state is the creature of man.

In 1776 we were not yet a nation but merely a group of weak, scattered colonies, containing slightly more than 3,000,000 people. They were huddled close to the shores of a largely unexplored continent. The great powers regarded these colonies as upstarts doomed to defeat as they challenged the military might of Britain. Nearly everywhere on earth absolutism then reigned. The divine right of kings was unquestioned dogma in most of the world. The overwhelming majority of men had few or no rights at all.

Then came the Declaration of Independence, proclaiming the stupendous doctrine of the rights of man. As the noble words, fire-tipped, winged their way around the world, slaves heard them and looked to the western sky whence they came. Hawkers vended edition after edition of the Declaration in the streets of Paris so soon to run with blood. Everywhere hope welled in the hearts of the hopeless.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration, Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"May it (the Declaration of Independence) be to the world... the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of free government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind had not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride

them legitimately, by the grace of God..."

Is it not clear that we were a great country long before we became a big country? Let us not, then, make the error of mistaking bigness for greatness. We are a great people because we were born of greatness; because it was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh at our birth.

Our glory does not lie in our fields and factories prodigally productive though they are. It lies in the hearts of the people; their political and social institutions; their evangelistic instinct that is responsible for some of the best and some of the worst things that occur in our national life; their exaltation of man as an individual rather than a particle of the state; their individualism working for good and for evil; their exuberance which comes from freedom; and the concept that it is the beneficent mission of the United States to spread humane ideas throughout the world.

Everyone knows that we are a big country. But the world asks: Is the United States a great country? The answer may determine the fate of mankind. It is locked in the minds of our millions of people. For in our democracy every man is its keeper.

In the beginning of the nation there was the idea that became the word; the philosophy that became the practice. These are the sources of our greatness. From them we draw our life. Time after time we have reasserted them in struggle. Today we reassert them more firmly than ever as we stand embattled before what may be man's penultimate conflict on this earth.

As Benjamin Franklin sat in the federal convention watching members sign the Constitution, he looked toward the president's chair. At its back was a painting of the sun. Franklin said to those near him that painters had sometimes found it difficult, in their art, to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. Then he added:

"I have often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun."

Franklin's sun still shines upon us. The great principles asserted upon this land in his day still glow beneath its light. And as we remain a great people we shall grow in light; the last best hope of man.

Is this your heating problem?



"The Profit-Eating Heating Bill"

Now... Stop profits from being gobbled up by outmoded heating systems in your plant!

## New THERMOBLOC Heating for Industry

Needs no costly pipes, ducts, radiators, installations. Direct-fired, self-contained Unit Heaters heat even coldest spots in minutes with less fuel! Ideal for large open areas, eliminates work-slowdowns due to cold corners. Thermoblocs are reducing costs, improving heat in hundreds of plants, warehouses, etc., today. See how Thermoblocs can solve the "profit-eating heating bill" in your plant, too!

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Cost less to buy and install. Fully automatic, require no attendant. Heat circulates directly at working level, no fuel lost to high ceilings. Operate independently, start up only those units needed.

#### Give Ideal Heat

Forced circulation of live warm air assures instant, uniform heat even in large unpartitioned areas. High efficiencies assured, using gas or oil. Connect to fuel

and power line and start heating. Beautifully styled.

#### Protect Equipment

Uniform, dry heat safeguards perishables, prevents rusting of delicate machinery.

For complete details on how to solve your heating problem, write for New Executive Bulletin on THERMOBLOC today.

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Please send me literature on how to save heating costs with THERMOBLOC.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_

Company \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Manhattan on the Move

(Continued from page 28)  
across the flat expanses of Long Island.

The wild fauna of Queens often thrills or appalls new settlers, depending on whether they came in response to the pioneering urge or were driven there by the apartment situation. A visitation by a swarm of caterpillars one spring terrified a whole community of residents fresh from the city. Another time a playful squirrel, which leaped into baby carriages and made off with zwieback, caused wide alarm.

**I**N THE past, it has often required much deliberation and counting of its savings before a family summoned courage to pull up stakes in another borough and move to Queens. But now, as the real estate advertisements point out constantly, a family yearning for the rural life need not buy a home to get fresh air, sunshine, "country living" and other good things. It can move into one of the Federal Housing Authority-sponsored garden apartments, which have grown up in Queens where potato fields used to flourish.

It is true that the units are not large. Most of them have three and a half rooms, with the largest having five and a half. It is also true that rentals are higher than most prospective tenants, accustomed to controlled rentals in prewar buildings, like to pay. Three and a half rooms rent up to \$105 a month, and five-and-a-half-room units are as high as \$165.

Furthermore, some prospective tenants claim that certain FHA jobs were cheaply put up, are now bursting at the seams, and in five more years will be junk.

FHA developments erected by established builders are better jobs all around, but everybody built too many three - and - a - half - room units. This was encouraged because the FHA made loans on a per unit, instead of a per room, basis. The result is a glut of little apartments, particularly in view of the reproductive prowess of veterans who occupy many of them.

Some builders claim that prospective tenants who criticize the size and quality of these apartments are influenced more by dizzy visions of grandeur than by a realistic comprehension of building costs and problems of the times.

"There is a lot of difference," one

builder was observing not long ago, "between actual housing and pictures you see in highbrow magazines. A couple will see some pictures of a wonderful house in a magazine. It is a really terrific layout at some ritzy beach, with a dock for a steam yacht and it all costs not more than a million or two dollars. But they will come out to look at some of our apartments in Queens, with a copy of the magazine under one arm and expect to get something like it for \$99.50."

Of course, the builder wouldn't think of speaking in these callous



terms to a prospective tenant, or even an old tenant. Lately, the landlords of Queens have developed into perhaps the most courtly and courteous of American businessmen.

The reason is that most FHA developments have some vacancies, and, after years of constant 100 per cent occupancy during the housing shortage, landlords are not used to that. Vacancies frighten them.

As a result, there are landlords in Queens today who stand ready to provide almost any service short of carrying new tenants across the threshold. Some are hardened old builders who have battled their way up in the construction game largely by profanity and the shrieking technique. Nowadays, they talk gently of civic conscious-

ness, community pride and the problems of juvenile delinquency. They sponsor art classes, nursery schools, sewing circles, dramatic clubs and are quick to provide clubrooms for the Cub Scouts and Brownies, all to keep their tenants pleased.

Some landlords send out news releases to the newspapers about how their maintenance men will abandon work on the furnace to repair a broken toy or an armless doll for the tearful little daughter of some tenant—and *love* doing it. Or else, as in one case, they will relate how a balky refrigerator was replaced with a good one so speedily that the lady's ice cream in the old one didn't melt.

One big FHA development, Glen Oaks Village, built and operated by the Gross-Morton Company, has even abandoned the standard New York apartment lease form that has been confusing tenants for years with its 8,538 words, arranged in baffling phrasing and fine print. In its place, Gross-Morton has adopted a simplified lease containing 992 recognizable English words that tenants can possibly understand. Furthermore, this lease specifies that any tenant, by giving 30 days notice, can break his rental agreement without a battle.

**A**CCORDING to Edward J. Dennis, the firm's vice president and general manager, the standard New York lease is "a medieval instrument that humiliates tenants by tying them up with language they cannot understand."

"Years ago," Dennis may reminisce, "one agency had some big signs along the roadways of Long Island that said: 'If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home Now.' You can imagine the type to whom these signs meant a lot. Here is a guy plowing home in his car through the Sunday evening traffic after a long day at Jones Beach.

"He's bulging with tiredness like a heart. The kids are yelling and fighting. Everybody is hungry, or else they're half sick from hot dogs. This guy's sunburn and his feet are hurting him, and the Missus is beating her gums about some unpleasant subject. And Amsterdam Avenue is half the night away across about 40,000,000 automobile tops.

"A lot of these guys bought homes on Long Island, on the theory it was better to go to work on the bus week days than to fight the traffic on week ends. But a lot of other folks aren't sure yet, and hesitate about tying themselves down for 20 years with a house. We



look on this as a replacement center where home owners get their basic training.

"We give that homey feeling for the guy who likes a folksy atmosphere, but doesn't like to paint or cut the grass. Out here he graduates quickly to a commuter. He catches the bus instead of the subway mornings. He becomes better informed. During that extra 30 minutes to work, he's got to read past the sport section. And back home, the old lady is dressing like they do at Jones Beach, gossiping with the neighbors at the laundry—I'm constantly amazed at all the washing they do—and the kids play in the grass. Why there's even room out here to wash the car."

The setting for this idyllic life, Glen Oaks Village, was completed in 1948, and 3,000 families now live in the 134 two-story brick buildings scattered over 175 acres containing 20 miles of sidewalks.

**ASIDE** from the two-story garden apartments, most popular FHA types are six-story, semi-fireproofed buildings, such as those containing the 1,860 units of Shore Haven and the 1,344 units of Beach Haven, two enterprises of a highly-enthusiastic FHA builder named Fred Trump.

Shore Haven and Beach Haven are near Brighton on the fringes of Brooklyn and within smelling distance of the onions frying at Coney Island.

Trump requires a three-year lease, with no easy-breaking clause and he provides no free washing machines, electricity or gas for his tenants, as many other FHA landlords do. His housing is intended to appeal to families who do not crave the free life of the country, but prefer to dwell as near as possible to the subway, but far enough from Manhattan to get new housing and reasonable rates. Shore Haven and Beach Haven afford the extra boon of having Coney hard by, and during the hot months, free buses ferry tenants to and from Brighton Beach every 15 minutes.

A lean, restless man with sharp eyes and a clipped mustache, Trump spends much time policing his developments for neatness, operating from his Cadillac, which is equipped with a telephone. He drives about his little cities with an eye open for lopsided Venetian blinds visible from the front or maybe a smear of mud across an entrance. When he sees something of this sort or hears about somebody's stove or refrigerator being out of kilter, he telephones from

his car to his maintenance department to get on the ball.

He is most disturbed when he sees bedding hanging out to sun in some windows. He has a special patrolman whose duty is to see that bedding is removed from display as soon as somebody on the staff spots it, or when Trump telephones from his car that blankets are flying in the breeze. Bedding in windows, Trump says, does not go with high-class developments like Beach Haven or Shore Haven.

Eventually, the former dwellers of Manhattan's gloomy streets become cured of such indelicate living customs. But by far the most interesting phase of the great migration to Queens is the wave of folksiness that has engulfed the once-taciturn New Yorkers, who never used to know their next-door neighbors.

This great cordiality extends even beyond the FHA developments. At Fresh Meadows, another insurance company's \$27,600,000 development, containing some 3,000 dwelling units for middle-income people, folksiness is flourishing perhaps more verdantly than anywhere else in the friendly land of Queens.

Here space has not only been provided for all sorts of clubs and onward and upward movements, but tenants find even a club-like atmosphere in their laundryrooms. Every rent bill contains some message of cheer or a helpful suggestion from the landlord. The management also provides such extra services as seeing late stragglers safely to their apartments and rushing expectant mothers to the hospital.

**F**OR their part, the tenants respond by organizing Dickens Quartets to serenade one another and the management at Christmas-time. And a few Yuletides ago, the tenants adopted a resolution commending the landlord for being generally wonderful, which they had published in the New York papers. In these times, this is indeed something in landlord-tenant relationships.

And so, what with FHA builders and landlords flinging posies in all directions and exuding sweetness and light, and their tenants responding enthusiastically, the day may come when New Yorkers once regarded as the least neighborly of all peoples this side of the soap operas. At least that portion of New Yorkers who have joined this migration to the affable Isle of Queens.



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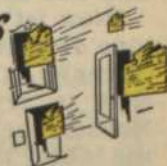
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## WESTERN UNION



# Old Joe Loses a Vacation

(Continued from page 41)

the joints of her hands attested the good. "Something up?" she asked.

Old Joe leaned forward. "Abby," he said, "I think, come a week from Tuesday, I'm set to write an opening stock order."

"Joe! An opening order!"

Old Joe gulped the last of his coffee and pushed back from the table. He'd caught the flash that lighted the faded eyes and he'd heard the note of adoration.

"Abby," he said, clearing his throat and then pausing to let an elevated train pass, "Mat Whitney's opening a new hardware at Rickardville. He's got his location and his man. Everything's set but signin' the lease and I figure that'll be done by a week from Tuesday."

"But aren't there others? Haven't you got—competition?"

Old Joe brushed aside the suggestion. "Abby," he boasted, "there ain't nobody Mat Whitney could give that order to but me. Not after 38 years. Not after the merchandise I've got him when there weren't no merchandise, the prices I've made him, the adjustments I've—"

**ABBY** gave him a quick look. "Don't they sometimes figure first chance at the want book's pay enough?"

Old Joe dismissed the thought. "Now that order," he went on, "can't run a cent less than twenty thousand. Rickardville's a busy little place and it'll take that much to open. Mat'll build it up before the year's out, but say twenty to start. Twenty at. . ."

"But, Joe," Abby interrupted, "ain't it kinda foolish to be openin' up right now? Things bein' so high and so hard to get?"

A cloud passed over Joe's face but its passage left no traces of doubt behind. "No, Abby," he said. "I don't think so. I've talked it over with Mat. He figures this boom's got four, five years t' run and that come a depression Rickardville can still support a hardware." He shot Abby an inquiring glance and saw that she was satisfied.

"Now let's see," he went on, his tone dropping to its musing pitch. "Twenty at three an' a half per cent is seven hundred dollars. Mother," he beamed, facing across the table, "it looks like you and me was goin' to have one o' our trips like—we used t' have."

Abby Barnes swept her apron

across her face. "Them biscuits gets flour over everything," she said.

"Guess it's goin' on ten years since we've had one." Joe's tone was tender, wistful almost. "Since I've had an opening stock order."

Abby opened her mouth to protest but there was no protesting the truth. In the old days opening stock orders had come with a certain regularity; once a year and sometimes twice. And each had represented a bonus, commission money over and above the drawing account. For the days of opening



stock orders, there had been vacations in the country, vacations that took the emptiness out of their lives and gave their lonely existence purpose. And in those years they had fallen into the habit of personalizing their trips together, clothing them with the love and tenderness one gives to progeny. It was as if, in their quest for something to individualize, the vacations had become a substitute for the thing they'd missed.

But times had changed. Retired farmers didn't retire to new hardware stores; successful fathers didn't "set up" their budding offspring in trade. It wasn't that the hardware business wasn't a good business. It was just that times, merchandise and methods of distribution had changed.

**OLD** Joe worked Browntown the following Saturday. It was unorthodox, calling on the trade on Saturday, but he scratched three skimpy orders. Monday he made White River and caught the evening local into Dexter. Dexter was the home of Whitney's Hardware.

Plodding up from the depot to the hotel, he paused outside the closed Whitney store and peered inside. A 15 watt bulb above the safe at the back of the store was the only light. Old Joe went on up the street to the hotel.

As he turned from registering he felt a friendly slap on his back. "Joe Barnes!" a smooth-shaven middle-aged man exploded.

From force of habit Old Joe held

out his hand. "Let's see," he squinted. "You're—you're the Ginslow Grinders man."

"Nobody else but," the other chuckled. "Haven't seen you since the war. Not since that trip we made over on the north line, that time we opened up twenty-two Ginslow accounts in four days."

"Nine," Old Joe corrected. "Let's see. Your name's Greg—Gregory Hartman."

"You're good," the factory man smiled. "How about a cigar?" poking one at Old Joe, "and some chatter?" he encouraged, leading the way across the lobby to a row of chairs.

"Takes a missionary man to hand out cigars," Joe said with a grin. "You still doin' the same?"

The missionary man smiled a benevolent smile. "Yes," he said smugly, "they won't let me quit. I tried to and. . ."

"Don't you ever get tired o' sellin' just one thing?" Old Joe interrupted, dropping into a chair.

"Tired?" the missionary man echoed. "Why, Joe, seeing our product supplant all others on the retail shelves of the nation—why, Joe, that's the greatest show on earth."

Old Joe lit his cigar.

"Just today," the other went on, "I got wind of another new account for Ginslow, the hardware Whitney's opening at Rickardville."

"Huh?" Old Joe said, leaning forward.

"Of course you know more about that than I do," the grinder man went on. "I just heard today the opening order was between you and young Duncan. 'But,' he contentedly sighed, 'whichever way it goes, I win. You both carry Ginslows.'"

Old Joe felt something tighten up inside him. "Between me and— and young Duncan," he said in an unsteady voice.

"Yep," Hartman replied, drawing out a fresh cigar and biting off the end. "And I hope you both win."

Joe opened his mouth and with an effort closed it again. It couldn't be that Mat would split the order, give half to Barton Hardware, and half to Reed & Hill. Mat wouldn't do that. He peered around at Hartman.

"As I said before," the latter went on, "it makes no matter to me. Ginslows are in, either way. I'd like to see you get that order, Joe—I have an idea it'll run twenty thousand—and then too, I'd like to see the kid get it. He needs it."

"Needs it?" Joe said frowning.

"Yes," the grinder man said in



a sober tone. "He surely does."

Once more Old Joe opened his mouth and closed it. In the window of Bradshaw's drugstore across the street the neon sign blinked on and off.

Why'd he taken up with this—this Hartman? he asked himself, anxiety causing his stomach to knot up. Why hadn't he gone straight to his room?

"Hartman," he demanded, "what'd you mean, Duncan needs it?"

The grinder man blew out a cloud of smoke. "I guess Jimmy must be around twenty-seven," he said reflectively. "He was in the shipping room for a couple of years after the war and then this chance to go on the road came along and he took it. With this break he and the little kid next door got married."

"Well?" Joe cut in.

"Well," the grinder man went on, "things didn't work out so well for Jimmy. The territory'd run down more'n he or the house suspected. Goods weren't too plentiful at the start and then six months later they took his mother to the hospital where she's been ever since. So," Hartman concluded, "you can see that it hasn't been too easy for the boy."

"It ain't been too easy for any of us," Old Joe muttered.

"No," the grinder man nodded, "and if it isn't easy for an old-timer with his regular customers and a first shot at the want books, what do you think it is for a kid driving a thousand miles a week trying to pick up the leavings?"

Old Joe didn't want to think. "What's—what's Duncan need this order so bad for right now?" he heard himself say.

**HARTMAN** threw away his cigar. "What does any pair of youngsters twenty-seven years old need money for?" he asked. And then before Old Joe could reply, "That's right. You guessed it. Facts are, I was talking to Jimmy the other night at Browntown and he came clean. Said if he got the Whitney order the commission would be enough so they could finance it."

Old Joe got to his feet. "Night, Hartman," he said. "Nice—nice to have—seen you."

The grinder man looked up in surprise. "Why good night, Joe," he said. "Yes, it was nice meeting you. I wish you luck with the Whitney order. Mat'll probably give it to you. You deserve it."

Old Joe didn't answer.

Alone in his room he took off his coat and hung it up. But he didn't

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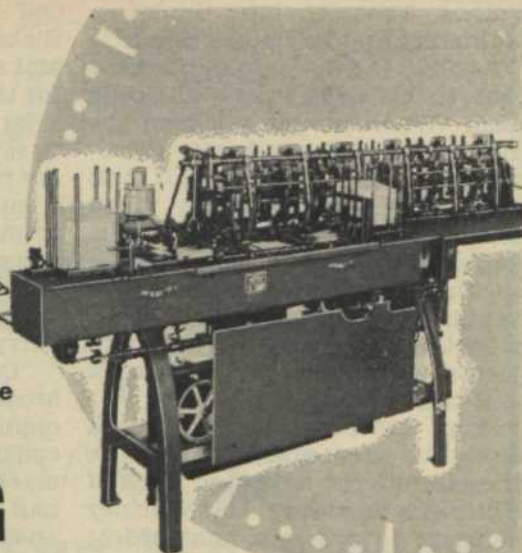
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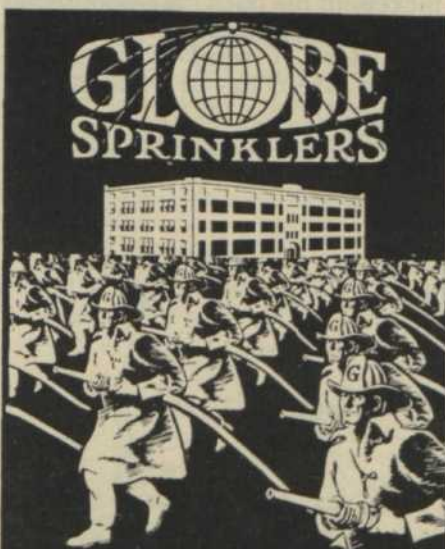
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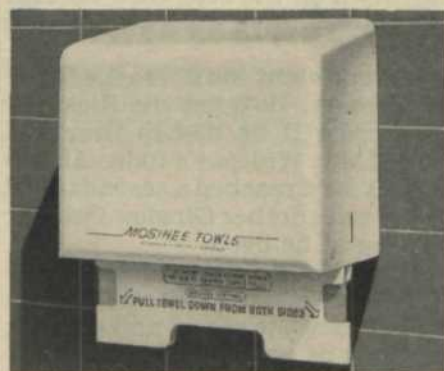
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take off his vest or the rest of his clothes. A man couldn't think in a nightshirt and he had to think.

A baby! Old Joe's thoughts went back to his days in the shipping room. When he got a job on the road, he and Abby had said. He remembered that first job, his first years in temporary territory. When he got a regular beat, they said. And after that it had been building up the regular beat, getting it established, making it pay. And after that—after that it had been Abby's accident and the verdict that then it was too late.

From his room he could look across the street and down past the drugstore to the darkened front of Whitney's Hardware. Mat Whitney was sure to give him that order: he'd earned it and he owed it to him. And Abby needed the vacation. Living so much alone, in those three rooms up against the elevated, had taken its toll of her. Abby'd begun to look pinched, tired, old.

**W**ITH four, five hundred dollars after they took out the tax, they could go somewhere for a month, two months; up into the country where Abby could pick flowers and knit in the shade and find a stray pup or kitten to mother for a spell.

Old Joe turned off the light and lay down on the bed. He'd take off his clothes later. He had to think now.

At midnight he'd reached one conclusion: He'd get the Rickardville order if he had to thump it out of Mat Whitney's hide. At two o'clock he'd reached a second: He'd never sell another Ginslow Grinder as long as he lived.

It was four o'clock when he finally took off his clothes. As he pulled back the covers and crawled into bed he groaned. It was a half muttered, half mumbled groan, one of both torture and relief.

Washed, clean shaven and full of an old-timer's breakfast Old Joe swung open the door of Whitney's Hardware at exactly eight o'clock. "Morning, Mat," he greeted in an up-beat tone.

"Morning," the proprietor replied. "I see you got here on a Tuesday."

"Just as I said," Old Joe beamed.

A customer came in and Old Joe gravitated toward the domain of the want book. After Mat had wrapped up the bolts the customer asked for, he joined him.

"Reckon the old book's able to hold all the things you need today?" Old Joe asked—as he had asked a thousand times in the past.

Mat gave him a look that was

half annoyance and half surprise. Old Joe hadn't mentioned the Rickardville order. For a moment Mat said nothing. Then he reached for the want book.

By eight-thirty they were down to screen door springs. "Mat," Old Joe confided in a low tone, "I think I can get you some. We've got a shipment coming in and I'll give you my share. All of it, Mat."

Mat nodded. "All right," he said, "send me what you can. How about currycombs?"

"Currycombs?" Old Joe's face broadened. He advanced the opinion that Reed & Hill's No. 7 constituted the best buy on the market, and what was more, they had them in stock. He suggested an order for half a gross what with the dairy business booming and riding horses being on the up again.

Mat bought two dozen.

At 20 minutes past nine Mat closed his want book. "Guess that's all for this trip, Joe," he said. They had been interrupted several times, but Old Joe had three quarters of a page of items. He dropped the order book into his pack, and made a mental estimate of the total.

Behind the counter Mat watched him.

At last Old Joe straightened and picked up his pack. "Er—about that order, Mat," he began, "for your new store, I want—I want you should give it to—to Duncan."

Mat Whitney's mouth dropped open and his eyes froze in an unbelieving stare. "Huh?" he gasped.

"Ye-ah," Old Joe said slowly. "Opening stock orders don't come along so often these days and Jimmy—well, Jimmy needs it," he swallowed quickly "—worse'n I do," he finished.

"But, Joe," Mat began, trying to collect himself. "I—I—"

Old Joe pushed back the old felt. "Mat," he said, "it means somethin' to th' kid, somethin' special. He won't squander th' bonus he'll get. No." He swallowed again and shook his head. "You see, Mat," he continued, "there's more at stake there than 38 years on the road. For them kids it's somethin' that won't turn into just a memory. Like a trip or a vacation. It's somethin', if you get what I mean, that for them will live an' breathe an' go on."

**F**OR a moment the heavy smell of harness leather and sheep-dip and axle grease held sway in the long-aisled store; the smell of these and the buzzing of a frustrated fly among the aging horse collars suspended from the ceiling. Then Old Joe pulled himself together.

"Now," he continued, "take Abby and me. We'd probably just take another trip somewhere, a—a vacation. An' after it was over there wouldn't be a thing you could lay your hand to. 'Cept souvenirs. There wouldn't be nothin' t' look





forward to, t' watch and live for. . .

"I know what you're talking about," Mat scowled, "but—but. . ."

"But what?" Old Joe asked.

Mat Whitney reached under the counter and came up with a plug of tobacco. "I'd almost got away from the stuff," he scowled. He whipped out a pocket knife and sliced off a substantial corner.

"Joe," he said conveying the corner to his mouth. "I figured on giving that order to you. I figured that way all along but now—" he paused and glanced out at the street, "but now," he went on slowly, "maybe it's better this way. For the both of us."

Old Joe made a sound but Mat Whitney held up a hand.

"It's like this," he went on. "When I told you I had someone picked out t' run the store I told you the truth. I had, a kind of a cousin down in Kansas City. But I wasn't quite satisfied with him; I kep' hoping someone else would turn up. Well"—he shifted the corner of the plug to the other cheek, "he did, 'bout an hour an' a half ago. Fellow I've known for 38 years and should o' thought of in the first place."

Old Joe opened his mouth but he couldn't speak.

"The store's ready soon as the youngster can get us some goods." Mat continued, "and I've rented a little house couple of blocks down the street. It's funny but I must-a had you and your missus in mind when I took it. There's a flower garden out in front and a big maple tree in the yard, an' there's a chicken pen out back, if you and she hanker after your own eggs."

**M**AT hadn't been looking at Old Joe as he talked. His tongue had been badly bitten and besides he hadn't wanted to look. Old Joe was still standing beside the counter, but he wasn't leaning against it now. His shoulders were stooped as they had been stooped for 30 years, but his head was up and his eyes were bright.

"We'll split the profits even after we pay you a decent living," Mat Whitney said. "It won't pay off for all you've done for me but I reckon it'll make up for the opening order."

Old Joe didn't try to say anything and when at last Mat Whitney glanced at him he saw something on the weathered cheeks he'd never expected to see there. The something coursed down the furrows and splashed on the floor.

Mat Whitney choked a little. "Damn this tobacco!" he said.



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# She's Not Prodigal—She's Sick

(Continued from page 33)

husband is nearly always defeated by the fact that he finds her very lovable and can't bear to see her unhappy.

Reasoning with her is difficult. She can justify every expenditure. "But we needed it!" or, "But we'd have to buy one eventually!" are her favorite answers. She's adept at twisting facts to prove that the antique umbrella stand she's just purchased is such a bargain that no one but a fool would have passed it up.

Pushed a bit further, the spendthrift wife will sputter that the bulk of her expenditures are not selfish but are made to beautify the home, give advantages to the children, or to add an air of elegance to the family business or social position.

If all else fails, the closing dialogue usually runs something like this: "B-but I only w-wanted the house to l-look pretty for y-you, John!"

**JOHN**, feeling like a heel in the face of this sweet though impractical generosity, implores, "Please don't cry. Keep the dratted chair. I mean, it's a beautiful chair. I like it. Why don't you buy two?"

Such irresponsible mixing of money and emotion, of course, shows that the spendthrift wife is suffering from a form of the mild emotional illness psychiatrists call a neurosis.

A neurosis about money is seldom fatal to a marriage but it does make life miserable for the members of the household and for the sufferer herself.

How did she get that way? Can a man learn to live happily with her in spite of it? Can she be helped or cured? What, exactly, is the matter with her?

It is shocking but, says Dr. Crissey, quite true that the emotional problems of the spendthrift are related to those of the chronic alcoholic, the horseplayer, the gambler or the dope addict. All of these, including the uncontrollable spender, are people who, as children, were somehow sadly disappointed by what life had to offer. They grew up to be adults who were soured on reality.

"Life as it is, is no good," they insist. "Me as I am—I'm no good, either. Or else I wouldn't have been treated this way. But now I'm grown up I'll find a way to escape,

to forget, to comfort myself for all I've missed."

For many a wife buying things—extravagant things—provides that escape. Conceivably she could just as easily have taken to drinking the cooking sherry or going on sleeping pill jags. She finds, however, that going on a shopping spree gives her a lift and as a vice extravagance has the decided advantage of carrying almost no physical or social penalties.

Money, or rather the lack of it, has had a big influence on her life. Her childhood was probably poor—or at least she was somehow made to feel poor. She is often the daughter of a woman who also



struggled to "keep up appearances" and live beyond the family income. One woman told how her father actually earned a thumping \$20,000 per year but her mother moved them into a neighborhood known as Millionaire's Row where they were hopelessly outclassed. All through her girlhood they were as plagued by the mortgage as any drought-stricken farmer.

**THE** impulsive spender is dedicated, as an adult, to making up for what she suffered in childhood. She identifies herself with the young, the helpless, the underprivileged—a gift to them is a gift to herself, 20 years late. Consequently, she drives her husband

wild by overtipping waiters, overpaying baby sitters and servants, emptying her purse on the plea of a corner beggar.

Casual observers say she is generous to a fault with her own children. "They're going to have everything I missed," she determines. But here the flaw in her seeming generosity is quickly revealed. She rarely bothers to find out what her children, as individuals, want or need. Instead, she insists that they have the things she once longed for so fiercely for herself.

It was to such a mother that a little girl said with dutiful honesty, "Thank you, mother. I always wanted a doll exactly like this. But not very much."

So much for the psychological causes that produce the spendthrift wife. But now that you've got her, what can you do about her?

First of all, Dr. Crissey warns hastily, be sure that it's your wife, and not you, who is neurotic about money.

Husbands, too, can have abnormal feelings about money. The responsibility of having to earn the family living sometimes makes a man so conscious of every penny that any deviation from the strictest budget seems like an outrage. He accuses his wife of being a spendthrift every time she buys a pair of stockings or a dustmop.

**BEFORE** you try to reform her, ask yourself:

1. Is her overspending chronic and habitual?
2. Does she run up debts that I can't pay and that she knows I can't pay?
3. Does she weep, lose her temper, sulk or exhibit some other irrational reaction to my efforts to discuss our money problems?

If the problem exists, says Dr. Crissey, you can be sure that the spendthrift wife won't outgrow it or "get satisfied." When the house is completely furnished and decorated and her closet is bursting, she widens her interests to meet the emergency. She can always collect things—paintings, glass, silver, antique furniture. Or, if desperation really drives you into the upper brackets, she can go in for rose gardening or dachshund breeding.

However, increasing your income won't solve your money problems. Your wife will simply take to shopping where the clerks call her "Modom."

The situation calls for the direct approach. But it must be the right



one. If you roar and tear your hair over mounting bills, you can certainly extract a promise of reform. She'll vow, "Never again!" and mean it.

The truth is that she always expects each extravagance to be her last. As she says, "Charge it, please!" she thinks happily that she has finally found the one item she needed to make her content. But the feeling doesn't last—and neither will her promise.

If she is nagged too much, she may resort to vengeful spending. "Run up too many bills, do I?" she'll mutter. "I'll really show him what bills are!" And her spending, in addition to revealing a personal emotional problem, becomes a weapon in an ugly marital conflict.

**C**UTTING off her charge accounts may drive her to buying on time payment plans or even send her to the small loan people. Nor will it help to hurl your pay envelope in her lap and snarl, "Okay, you manage the money! See how you like it!"

"The major hurdle for the husband who is hoping to reform a spendthrift wife," Dr. Crissey asserts, "is to get a good, firm grip on his own emotions. He must be kind but firm. Long, sensible talks, with the emphasis on affection rather than reproach, won't end the problem but may subdue it considerably."

Improvement can be brought about by letting up on the pressure to reform and ignoring the subject for several months. This will be easier to do if you can arrange to backlog your finances through automatic payroll deductions and other compulsory saving schemes.

But the most permanent effect, Dr. Crissey believes, will be achieved by the husband who is able to make his spendthrift wife see that her problem is emotional in origin.

To learn that psychiatrists equate irresponsible spending with alcoholism often comes as a jolt.

"Severe cases can only be aided by psychotherapy," Dr. Crissey says, "but the impulsive spender who can be brought to realize the emotional content of her spending habits can be helped to help herself."

One wife was reformed almost overnight when her husband persuaded her to take a job. She snatched her first paycheck and galloped happily downtown. She was back in less than an hour, looking very upset.

"Say!" she remarked. "Money doesn't go far these days, does it?"



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# The Twain Have Never Met

(Continued from page 36)

present-day Russia and China combined, these Mongols possessed such power as Europe might not have been able to withstand. And yet, except as they raided to the Adriatic and then withdrew, they made no effort to cross the strangely unchanging line west of which free Europe lies today. Ultimately they faded back into the depths of Asia from which they never again emerged.

Not long after this, the Ottoman Turks, from their homeland in Asia Minor, began their conquest of the Balkans. Having established a foothold across the Hellespont, they captured Constantinople. Later they overran Greece, Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary—even a part of the Black Sea coast of Russia. Twice—first in 1529 and then again in 1683—they invaded Austria, and both times they actually reached the very suburbs of Vienna, where we of the West face the Russians today.

Both times they were defeated.

Forced to withdraw, they ultimately lost most of their European holdings, and today they are able to maintain their narrow foothold in Europe at Istanbul only because France and Great Britain long ago, and the United States more recently, have learned that Russia is the present-day menace of the East.

Here, it should be noted, the Iron Curtain has clearly shifted—

and in our favor. By any measure, the Turks of today must be considered as living on our side of the line. Time was when these warlike people plainly formed a part of the threatening East. But now they are accepting Western ideas, and Turkey bears little resemblance to what it was when it conquered Greece and the Balkans, or when it was defeated at Vienna.

This Near East development, of course, has reached its present status only since World War I, at the close of which Turkey was a defeated enemy of the West. At that time, too, six more northern nations—Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia—were set up under democratic auspices in the region that lies to the east of today's Iron Curtain.

Five of these new countries, tragically enough, have fallen beneath Communist control. Just as Napoleon and Hitler, when they invaded Russia, were driven out, so this Western idea—this premature establishment of a group of weak, exposed democracies on the very borders of Russia—has failed. But now a new kind of invasion of the East has begun. This may prove to be the most powerful attack the West has yet unleashed. The first phases of this offensive even seem to have been quite incidental and without design. Nevertheless, progress is already being made.

Despite much Communist propa-

ganda, Western ideas are entering Turkey. Despite many Asiatic misconceptions, some of which are complicated by our ignorance of the East and our own ineptitude in explaining our ideas, Western concepts are beginning to be understood in Pakistan and India. The Japanese are beginning to learn their meaning. In these and other old lands of Asia, Western ideas of freedom and justice, along with some appreciation of the advantages of liberty, are slowly making headway.

Because of this the Iron Curtain has begun to shift—very slowly, for quick change is impossible except by war.

**SEPARATE** though the East and West always have been, each constantly has had its influence on the other. Trade and commerce passed between them even during those early centuries when such intercourse was slow and indirect, and signs that suggest the East are widely present among us. Our playing cards originated in China. Chess and polo came from India and Persia. The lilacs and chrysanthemums of our gardens were originally Persian and Chinese. Algebra was first developed by the Arabs. The compass, it is said, was originally evolved by the Chinese. Nor are these the only Eastern contributions that have made their mark upon the people of the West. Greater by far is the influence the East has had upon our ethics and our morals.

There are, today, nine major religions in the world—Christian, Mohammedan, Confucian, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist, Shinto, Hebrew and Zoroastrian—and all of them are Asiatic in origin. Without exception they are based upon the teachings of great spiritual leaders of the East—figures so supreme as to have no counterparts among the people of the West. The West has never produced a Christ, a Mohammed, a Buddha, or a Confucius. There never has been a Western Moses, Lao-tzu, or Zoroaster. Superior though the West commonly imagines itself to be, the great religions of the world are without exception Eastern in origin and concept.

There is no simple explanation of this fact, though a little understanding of East and West suggests one possible answer.

No observing Westerner can travel through the East without being impressed by the misery that exists there for the vast masses of the common people. For the most part there is no opportunity and





little chance for betterment. Millions of these Eastern people, despite their many innate abilities, live restricted lives almost without hope. From long experience they know that they can expect little help from their fellow men, and almost none from their overbearing rulers.

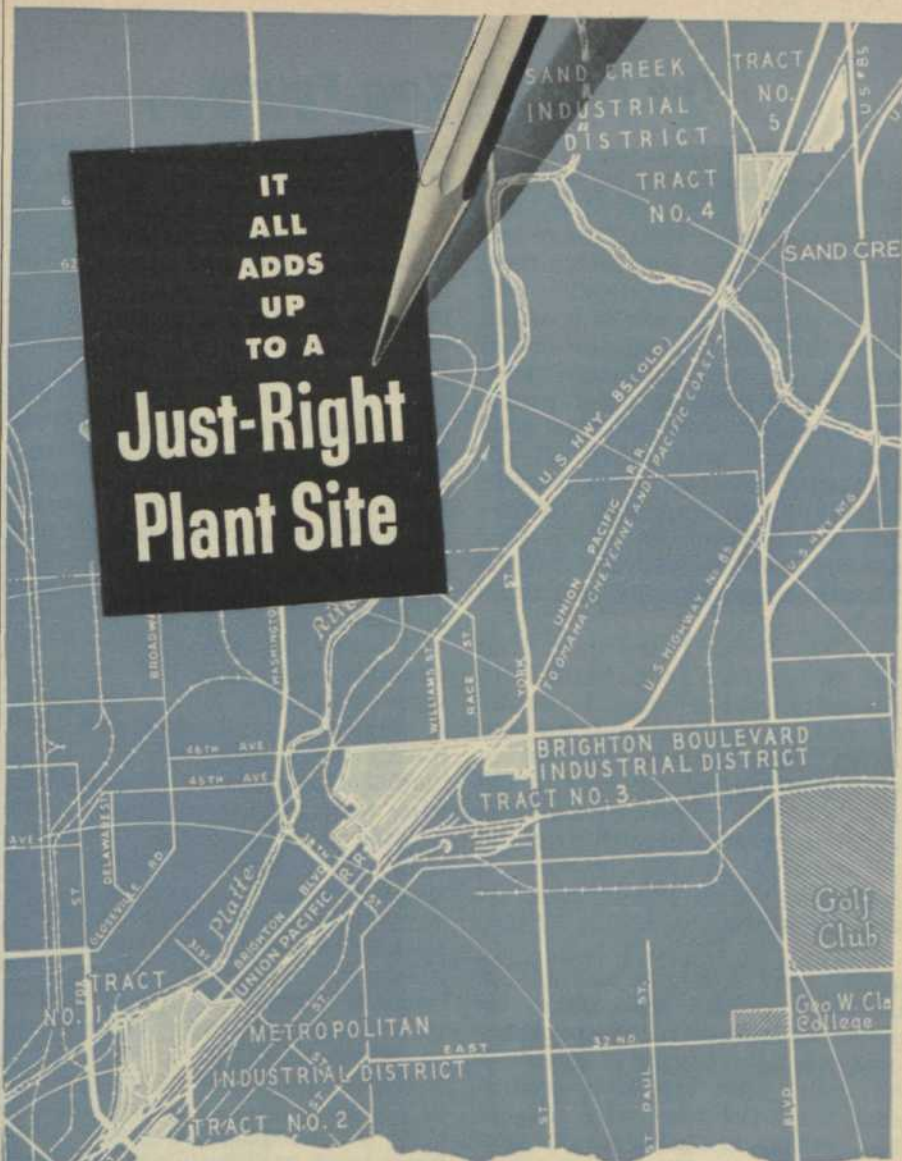
Where, then, can they turn but to religion? Living in a world that offers so pitifully little, is it not possible that they have on that account been forced to turn to thoughts of superhuman powers—to thoughts of another world and another life wherein even the most unfortunate can have some hope of justice and opportunity and happiness?

We of the West, on the other hand, to whom opportunity even in our backward areas is present to a degree little known "east of Suez," have found great fundamental satisfactions in our democratic institutions. Still in need of religion, which the East has supplied, and to which we are inclined to turn most especially during periods of stress, we have managed to base our fundamental political concept of equality on certain teachings of that religion which is most widespread among us. For this, then, we have the East to thank, and perhaps the time will come when we can make restitution by spreading an understanding of liberty across those lands which lie east of the Iron Curtain—lands in which liberty, as yet, does not exist.

**T**HE world has never seen any other such line of demarcation. More than one coincidence has no doubt been a part of its story, and some of the invasions and migrations that have approached it may have halted there by accident. But can such happenings all be considered mere coincidence when, for 25 centuries, they have so frequently occurred and re-occurred?

Mankind's differing philosophies seem to have drawn this line between the always subjugated peoples of the East and those who have been exposed to freedom in the West. What the future of the line is to be only the future can tell, but as in the days of Greece, it is still the frontier of freedom in the world. The only reason the Communists have for keeping it so tightly closed is to prevent their enslaved masses from learning the advantages of liberty.

Those in the Kremlin seem to understand that when individual liberty has been accepted by the East, both Communism and the Iron Curtain will be gone.



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# The Teeth in Your Future

(Continued from page 46)

have been eliminated by opening the bite.

"Are the teeth that I have left worth saving?" is a question most mature adults eventually ask. Only a general answer is possible, but on the basis of what authorities assured me, it is definitely "yes." Even a few teeth in older people are of value. One or two good anchor teeth may make all the difference between a removable bridge and full dentures. Authorities overwhelmingly agree that yanking teeth indiscriminately to improve general health is a cruel illusion.

Yet Dr. Peter J. Brekhus finds that 30 per cent of patients of a university clinic sought dental care not for poor teeth but for poor health. They had "rheumatism" or below-par states for which the doctors couldn't find a cause. Peak age when persons consult a dentist for general health reasons is around 45 years. High hopes are rarely justified.

**L**AST year the *Journal* of the American Dental Association reported an exhaustive study on the focal infection theory of disease—the belief that less-than-perfect teeth flood the body with poisons that inflict endless varieties of vague ailments. The consensus of scores of authorities was that, if a specific tooth is proved guilty, out with it by all means, but that wholesale raids on teeth to cure what ails you are wholly unreasonable. Dr. J. T. O'Rourke of Boston says, "It is nothing short of brutal to deprive old people (smile when you say that, doctor!) of their teeth on the basis of a general and ill-founded assumption that they will always find relief from their symptoms of systemic disease or disorder."

Another reason for not rushing headlong into full dentures is that chewing strength is lessened. Dr. Finn Brudevold of the Eastman Dental Dispensary in Rochester, N. Y., measured biting power and found that full-denture wearers have about 15 per cent of normal chew-strength.

Not that dentures are to be faced with dread. Take them in life-cycle sequence: bridges to partial dentures to full dentures. The modern partial denture, sometimes called a removable bridge, is remarkably comfortable and efficient. Artificial

teeth are held in a base of metal alloy or plastic that spans the arch of the mouth, and inconspicuous clasps hug your own anchor teeth to hold the device in place. Well fitted, such a denture can slow the process of bone resorption, which ends in loss of teeth, by distributing pressures evenly.

It fills the gaps of missing teeth and keeps neighboring teeth from straying. Some new bone growth may even occur. A dentist cannot be positive how long the natural teeth that support the denture will stand up. Bone that is fairly strong and dense is a fair indication of durability.

If scattered teeth are so loose, unstable, and have lost so much supporting bone that preservation is hopeless, full dentures can hardly be postponed. You'll be luckier than George Washington, who wore carved dentures with springs something like a mousetrap. They used to think that spring pressure was needed to hold dentures in place. Today's dentures stick by adhesion and atmospheric pressure. Properly fitted or "sealed," they don't flop when you talk. In fact, it takes quite a tug to remove them.

Modern dentures make wide use of plastics. Acrylic resins are the color of healthy pink gums. Artificial teeth may be plastic or porcelain. Dentures don't mean that the dentist is gone from your life forever. The architecture of your mouth changes, and occasionally a denture must be repaired and adjusted to conform to bone changes.

**M**ANY dentists offer "immediate denture" service. It's no longer compulsory to skulk for weeks in edentulous disgrace, waiting for naked gums to heal.

I know one man who, during his lunch hour, took his mouth to his dentist, parted with a few front teeth, had his new dentures in place and was back at his desk at 1:30. Nobody noticed any change in his appearance. How could they? He had insisted that his old teeth be duplicated faithfully, even to a conspicuous gold filling in one incisor.

Much preliminary work is done, of course, prior to a quick change. But when everything is ready, the dentures slide in place as soon as remaining teeth are extracted. Bone ridges shrink and change so immediate dentures need adjust-

ment rather soon. However, plastic dentures can be made ready for repair in ten minutes and the patient need not vanish from society during alterations.

There's another kind of mouth rehabilitation for men who don't need full dentures, who still have most of their own molars but hate to bite on them. I've been a guinea pig in this department. I still have all my lowers, but the chewing surfaces acquired large fillings through the years. My bite was so worn down, the molars so sharp-edged and gouged out, that bigger and better fillings were impossible. I had a mild closed bite, as becomes middle age. Worse, I was passing up some choice comestibles because it hurt when I crunched hard.

**F**ULL crowns were fitted to the involved teeth, raising their biting surface on the order of a millimeter. They were all ground down at once, in a two-hour session with novocain. From an impression a plastic splint was made, fitting over all the involved teeth, so I could chew and get the feel of my "lifted" bite. It felt queer, but soon it felt good. Then, one by one, permanent crowns were put on each tooth. Today I can chew the coarsest kind of fodder with comfort.

Of course the natural function of teeth, and the resort to dentistry, is to help a man feed well. Nutrition with teeth or dentures is vastly better than with bare gums, though with the latter a simulation of nutrition is possible.


Poor teeth can lead indirectly to overweight. Excessive intake of foods that practically melt in your mouth piles up calories faster than a balanced diet containing tough protein that encourages slimness by whipping up one's metabolism. Indigestion often begins with bad teeth, for digestive processes start in the mouth. Results of inadequate chewing may make the stomach rebel and cause its owner to reach for the soda tablets.

Consequences of a diet limited to some favorite soft food can be startling. A man in Boston is an object of awe and wonder to doctors who have cured him of scurvy seven times. Scurvy is a vitamin C deficiency disease which, among other things, can cause gums to bleed and teeth to fall out. Once a year, for seven consecutive years, this improper Bostonian has been hospitalized for scurvy. His doctors expect him back again next year. For he insists on living on an exclusive diet of baked beans!



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# When Fire Strikes Home

(Continued from page 31)

never dreamed their policies covered certain losses. For example, in most policies \$5,000 insurance on your household furnishings provides for \$500 coverage on your personal effects away from your home—anywhere in continental United States.

Several years ago in the midwest an uninsured school house had a fire which swept through lockers containing clothes and athletic equipment of scores of children. Their parents all collected through the ten per cent off-premises clause in their home furnishings insurance.

**AFTER** the big windstorm which raked the Atlantic coast in 1950 one man collected \$75 for a wig and \$5 for a hat blown away while he was walking along a New York street. After the 1947 Texas City explosion, many homeowners found their blasted homes were unexpectedly covered—they'd bought "extended coverage" against hurricanes without knowing that it also covered explosions.

4. *Know what you have to insure.* An inventory of your household furnishings and personal property is essential in event of loss. And it is a true yardstick of your coverage today. Your agent will give you a room-by-room form which makes inventory taking easier. Some homeowners take their inventories with a camera, photographing each room with all the silver out on tables, then caching the pictures in a safe-deposit box. One insurance agent in the South helps his clients by going from room to room with a wire recorder. He has the list typed, sends a copy to the insured to mark values for each item.

If you have some particularly valuable pieces, say antiques or paintings, get them appraised. Also include pertinent data on major or unusual pieces, price and year of purchase or, if inherited, all the historical data you know.

After a consuming fire, it's easy to establish the value of a 1945 Steinway piano but not a break-front or set of dining room chairs inherited from your great grandfather. A small appraisal fee now might mean collecting \$500 or \$1,000 more after a fire. Don't forget discarded items in your attic—years ago contents insurance didn't cover them but now it does.

Make a copy of the inventory and keep it somewhere away from your house.

5. *How to buy insurance.* Pay your premiums on a three-year or five-year basis rather than annually. This way you get five years' insurance for the price of four, or three years for the price of two and one half—a greater return on your money, actuaries tell me, than can be had from any other safe investment. You can get substantially the same savings by paying the five-year premium on the installment plan.

Read your policy, particularly the fine print. See that the riders you paid extra for are attached, make sure your name is correct and the property specifically described. A policy ambiguously covering "dwelling house in Jonesboro" might be troublesome if at the time of a fire it turned out you had an-



other house in that town. Similarly, a policy in a husband's name could produce real difficulties if the property were in the wife's name.

Notify your agent or broker whenever you make a change in your situation—for instance, a new deed, renting of rooms, introduction of business into a home. If you add a room or make a substantial outlay for furniture you may need more insurance. If you leave your house unoccupied for more than 60 consecutive days you may, in some cases, void your policy.

A phone call to your agent can remove doubt, and an extra premium will provide complete coverage. Where you keep your insurance policy is not too important. Even if your policy is lost in a fire it doesn't matter—both your agent and the company have copies. Incidentally, many an arsonist has given himself away by pulling his

insurance policy out of his pocket.

6. *Ways to reduce fire loss.* First take every reasonable step to minimize the damage—for instance, wipe water off furniture. Most fire departments will help out; some even carry tarpaulins to cover holes in the roof. Don't throw anything away, not even the debris, but you can start cleaning up. One man who has spent 45 years adjusting fire losses observes that many people after a fire are afraid to touch anything. Wrong, he says. It's not like the scene of a crime. Further, your policy requires you to separate the damaged and undamaged personal property.

**NEXT**, phone your agent. (Your policy says you must give immediate written notice to the company, but officials state that phoning your agent suffices in practice and has been held sufficient by law.) Your agent should help determine on emergency repairs to prevent further damage and he will show you how to begin preparing your claim.

One "don't" that has no exceptions: Don't sign anything the first few days after a fire and don't sign anything later on until you've discussed it thoroughly with your agent.

An official of the National Board of Fire Underwriters says: "If anyone asks a homeowner to sign anything immediately after a fire that's proof he's up to no good."

Yet in metropolitan areas there are "public" adjusters—don't confuse them with adjusters employed by or representing insurance companies—who rush to fires, grab the excited homeowner, get his signature on a document which gives this stranger ten per cent or more of everything the insurance company pays. One man I know, standing in his pajamas in the early morning, watching his home burn, signed a paper like that which cost him \$300.

"Public" adjusters often tell the homeowner they represent the insurance company and that his signature is just a formality. Actually they represent no one except themselves. There is no need for you to hire anyone to deal with the insurance company adjuster, but it is necessary for you to be on your toes.

7. *What to do when the adjuster comes.* First, bear in mind that you will collect no more than is due you and you may not collect all of that unless you arm yourself with full facts about your losses. Don't be one of those householders who throws himself into the hands of



the company adjuster: "You settle it, I don't know anything about it." Don't let your conferences with him become a social hour. They are business conferences and the adjuster is technically trained, knows much about values and depreciation.

To meet him on even terms an honest policyholder must have clear-cut facts. Don't confer with him when you are excited. Don't bring the whole family into the conferences. Sometimes it's best for the husband to do the talking, sometimes the wife, sometimes the two. But keep the children and relatives out. Don't be dogmatic. Try to avoid antagonizing him with blunt contradictions.

To get your facts, spare no time obtaining professional opinion about your actual losses. A good contractor can estimate the cost to put your house back in its prefire condition. Get him to help you figure depreciation—a complicated subject that certainly should not be left to the adjuster. For example, your contractor can tell you exactly how much depreciation must be deducted for six-year wear on the roof and advise you that no depreciation should be deducted for rafters even though they are 16 years old.

**GET** equally expert judgments on the value of your household furnishings. The top adjuster for a large fire insurance company told me that most householders should forget their own ideas about furniture values and get help from the best furniture store in town. If you don't do that your conferences with the adjuster will be one-sided. Policies don't reimburse for what an item cost but for "actual cash value of the property at the time of loss." That means what a new one would cost, less depreciation, which varies widely from item to item—for example, virtually none on silver and a great deal on old evening dresses.

Finally, don't settle for an unsatisfactory sum just because you are in a hurry to get your check. Talk that over with your bank and remember, the adjuster, though he will never let you know it, is also eager to wind up your claim.

People ask is there anything they can do when completely at loggerheads with the adjuster. Yes. If, for example, your item-by-item list totals \$8,000, his \$6,500, then take it all to your agent.

He may be able to straighten out the differences. If he substantiates your figures, he can then report the matter to the insurance

company for special investigation.

I've seen the files on two such cases. One, a windstorm loss for which the adjuster offered only \$95. After special investigation the company paid \$1,000. In another case, \$950 was claimed, \$700 offered. A special investigation got the insured \$750 and so convinced him of the company's fairness that he immediately ordered a \$10,000 policy on another house from that company.

**MOST** policies also provide that claimed losses may be arbitrated. In case of an impasse, you appoint an appraiser, the company one, and these two select an umpire. This shouldn't be resorted to for small sums or without consulting your agent. The appraisers may award you less than the company already has offered. Whatever the award, you must bear half the costs. A Florida homeowner demanded \$2,200 in damages. The company offered \$1,390. She decided to arbitrate and was awarded \$1,400. But then she had to pay her appraiser, plus half the umpire's costs.

8. *What about your insurance agent?* Case after case shows homeowners who have lost money by dealing with careless agents. One man was compelled to accept a \$1,300 cut in his fire-loss claim because his broker hadn't read the policy correctly. Another, who had a fire soon after moving into a new home, found his agent had neglected to cover the household furnishings. Loss: \$3,000.

Good or bad, the agent gets about 20 per cent of your premium. A careful agent will not only see that you get the right insurance in the right amount at the right time but he will also help you get the right settlement after a fire.

Your bank, lawyer, perhaps the firm you work for, can help you locate an alert broker or agent. If you have doubts about the one now handling your insurance, here's a simple test: In the past five years has he (a) recommended that the amount of insurance on your house and contents be brought in line with replacement costs? (b) explained the value of "extended coverage" insurance if it is not included in your policy? (c) told you about "additional extended coverage?" and (d) advised you on long-term premiums and use of the instalment plan?

If he has been around to see you, and you've ignored him, it's your worry now. If he hasn't been around, you have reason to question his alertness.



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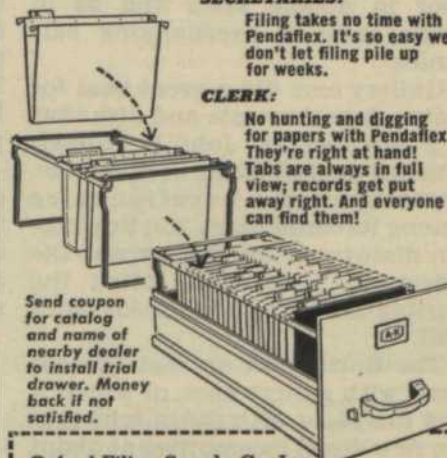
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OF BUSINESS MANAGEMENT**



# Kind to Commuters

(Continued from page 39)

traffic for the hour it takes to travel 20 miles during the rush hours.

Nevertheless, in the past six years, automobiles delivered some 61,000 more passengers per day into the Loop while the railroads brought in 19,000 fewer.

Chicagoans heard of Murphy for almost the first time when he inaugurated the first gallery cars in September, 1950. These are a stainless steel, streamlined, air-conditioned, two-story coach holding 148 passengers—96 on the main floor in double seats and 52 in single seats in overhanging balconies.

Gallery cars did a great deal for Maizie Jones' morale and also that of a neighbor, Dr. John B. Palmer, Chicago dentist living in Riverside. Distributing a questionnaire among its commuters, the Burlington discovered Dr. Palmer was the oldest. He had been riding the Burlington in from Riverside since 1887.

The Burlington did not content itself with gallery cars, of which it now has 30, or with the purchase of ten new diesel locomotives at about \$240,000 a crack. Fundamentally, its program was one of modernizing 79 coaches to bring them up to all-steel, air-conditioned standards. Among other things, the cars were equipped with tight-lock couplings and better brakes. The result is that a whole string of coaches start and stop as a unit and passengers do not get jerked.

Before doing these cars over, the railroad asked its commuters what they would like in trains, service, seats, lighting, decoration, anything. Those who were not struck dumb replied volubly and the Burlington tried to meet their wishes. The color schemes run to cream and tan or rust and green. The seats are a washable plastic leatherette and the floors, a marbleized rubber tile. Most of all, passengers asked for clean cars and better heating.

Dieselization makes for fast starts and stops and gallery cars with wide center doors speed up loading and unloading, but the Burlington found its passengers were not interested in speed *per se*. What they wanted in operation above all else was a train that arrived on time.

All this began to make its impression dollar-wise by March,

1951. Ever since then, the Burlington has enjoyed a gradual, uninterrupted increase in commuter revenue—with no increase in its rate. By the end of 1951, the railroad could show a ten per cent gain in round-trip ticket sales alone, from \$1,414,000 in 1950 to \$1,554,000. The total suburban revenue last year was close to \$2,000,000.

Is the Burlington out of the red yet with its commuter trains?

Not exactly.

"We don't keep books on our suburban service," said Murphy, pointing out that commuter trains use the same locomotives, tracks and terminal facilities as regular trains. "It is up about 15 per cent. I don't know when we will reach a break-even point. We are approaching it."

One interesting by-product, also difficult to measure in dollars, is what the railroad is doing for the score of communities between Chicago and Aurora. That the impact of its good deeds goes well beyond

## SOMETHING'S OUT OF GEAR!

I realize we need a brake

To halt inflation's touch,

But why must tax collectors take  
Such freedom with the clutch?

—Ivan J. Collins

happy commutation became apparent when a real estate advertisement in the Downers Grove Reporter pictured a Burlington train as a reason for living in Downers Grove.

This was hardly news to anyone in this locality. Said a man from nearby Clarendon Hills: "We think the Burlington is truly one of the finest railroads in the country. We bought a house in this area largely because of its excellent service."

It is a fact that the real estate market in Chicago's western suburbs, while off about 20 per cent in 1951 just as it was nationally, has shown bullish signs. In 1951, for instance, La Grange climbed from nineteenth to thirteenth place among Chicago's 90-some suburbs in building permits issued. Hinsdale meanwhile advanced from twelfth to eighth place in the average value of new homes built there, or from \$14,300 to \$16,900.

Such statistics do not alter the fact that the north shore community of Glencoe is still No. 1 in

new home values (\$31,500) or that industrial Gary is the fastest-growing suburb (\$8,500). Nonetheless, practically all the Burlington communities fall in the upper half of the suburban list in the amount of residential construction, and Du Page County, through which the Burlington runs, is undisputed leader in rural home construction.

There has been a greater demand for vacant lots in Hinsdale, La Grange and Western Springs recently than at any time during the past five years, reported Joseph A. Thorsen, one of Chicago's leading west suburban real estate brokers. Each of his 15 salesmen, he said, has had three to six customers who said they came to the west side primarily because of the Burlington.

It would be a mistake to assume, of course, that the Burlington's appeal has reduced any north shore or south side suburbs to ghost towns. The fact of the matter is that it hasn't had the chance. Neither Murphy nor his real estate friends have carried any campaign into the other fellow's yard.

Murphy has chosen to avoid comparison of Burlington service with that of other railroads. He does not feel it is fair to the others.

The secret of the Burlington's success in modernizing its commuter service is that it uses road locomotives interchangeably between main-line and suburban trains. Many of the suburban trains put in an uneconomical 42 miles a day, on a round trip to Downers Grove, and others travel only 76 miles, to Aurora and back. No railroad could afford a diesel for so little pulling. The key to economy is maximum utilization.

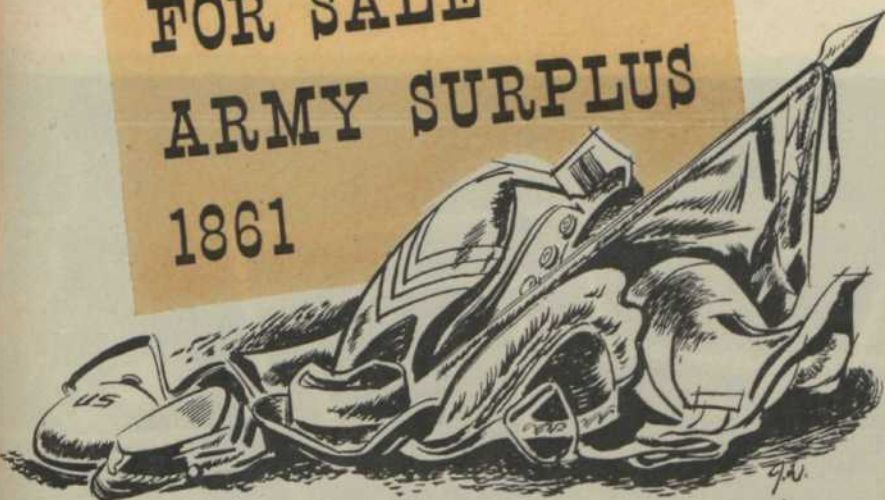
Whatever road locomotive happens to wind up in Chicago after a run from Denver or St. Paul is sure to have a turn on a commuter train. Thus, one locomotive may finish a luxury run on the California Zephyr and, within a short time, breeze out for small change on a 40-minute trip to Downers Grove.

Whatever the economics of locomotion or Murphy's sympathy for railroad presidents who don't have as many locomotives as he has, the Burlington scheme is paying off in an intangible described by one patron as "a warm glow of satisfaction."

It fell, however, to a New York woman who had moved with her husband from Queens, L. I., to Western Springs to bestow the highest accolade on Murphy's railroad. "It is almost like the subway," she said.



# FOR SALE ARMY SURPLUS 1861



**T**HE unshaved, seedily dressed man pointed to an ancient Marine Corps dress coat—all wool with red trimmings. "How much for the coat?" he asked.

David Bannerman, proprietor of Francis Bannerman Sons, at 501 Broadway in New York City, told him the price was \$4. The man took the coat.

"He's a professional hobo," Bannerman explained. "That old issue beats anything he can buy in a store."

Another customer entered. He wanted an infantry private's cap of 1861; not 1951.

"Sorry, sir, only officers' hats left."

The cap hunter was disappointed. "I'm from out in Oregon," he explained. "I've wanted one of those caps for a long time."

Since the end of the Civil War when Francis Bannerman—he died in 1918—started buying and selling war surplus, the firm has had a wide variety of customers. There were the old German-type bands of the late '80's and '90's, cadet groups, foreign governments; later, Hollywood movie lots, then over more recent years the primarily relic collectors.

Customers over the years have included ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, King Farouk of Egypt, and innumerable other famous people.

Every year the store with guns, saddles, uniforms, swords, canteens, belts, buckles, flags, and other accouterments of 1861-65 stacked on its shelves and draped from its

walls, does a business of approximately \$100,000. David Bannerman, son of the founder, handles most of the customers and keeps the records. He's going on 77, but appears 15 years younger.

It is cash only at Bannerman's. When the concern still had large quantities of Civil and Spanish War stocks stored away on Bannerman's island up the Hudson River it could have outfitted an army. During the Russo-Japanese War, Japan dickered for 10,000 McClellan saddles. The Bannermans were disappointed when the sale fell through because the saddles were too big for both the small size Japanese horses and men.

Today, the firm is a relic business with demand greatly sharpened by renewed interest in the Civil War. You can buy ornament insignia, a hat like Grant's and his generals, and many other items for a matter of cents or a couple of dollars. Or, should you hanker for the battle-scarred and faded flag of the 53rd Virginia Infantry carried at Seven Pines, you would have to lay down \$1,000—in cash.

Bannerman has two sons, both in professional fields. While neither reportedly shows much interest in taking over the venerable war surplus firm, it is a good guess that it has several more \$100,000 years ahead of it. It is one of the last active links with Abraham Lincoln's day.

—HAROLD BRADLEY SAY

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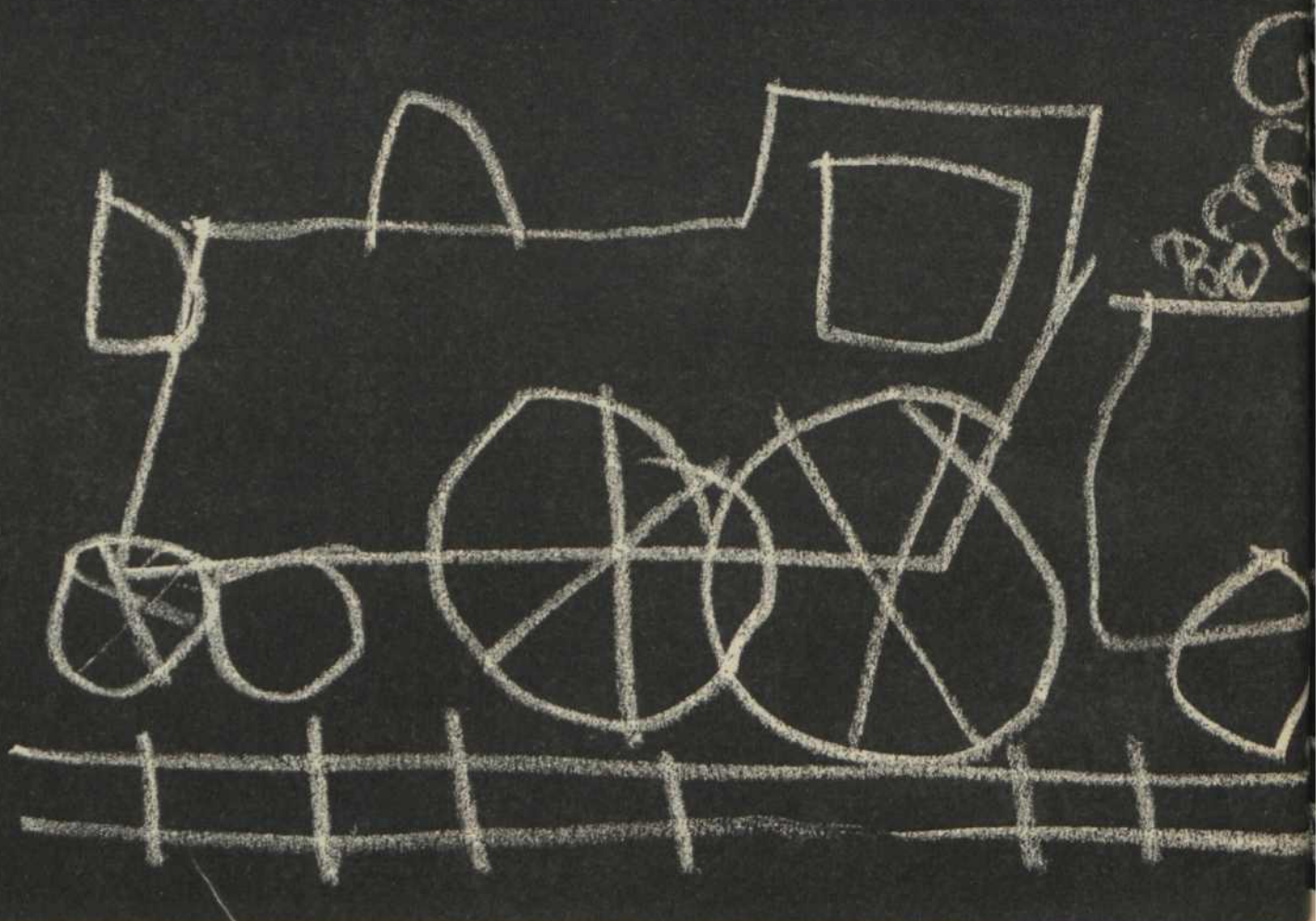
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## what is it, a whistle-blow



When you were a boy, kids were crazy about trains. And though today's world is filled with fantastic rocket ships, atomic ray guns and video voodoo, kids are still crazy about trains. Grownups, too.

The rumble down the rails (remember how you'd put your ear to the track?), the plaintive whistle of a friend, way off, the snorting hiss of the brakes . . . yes, youngsters still thrill to these things today. And surely they are more impressive in understanding the place of the railroads in America than all the miles of track,

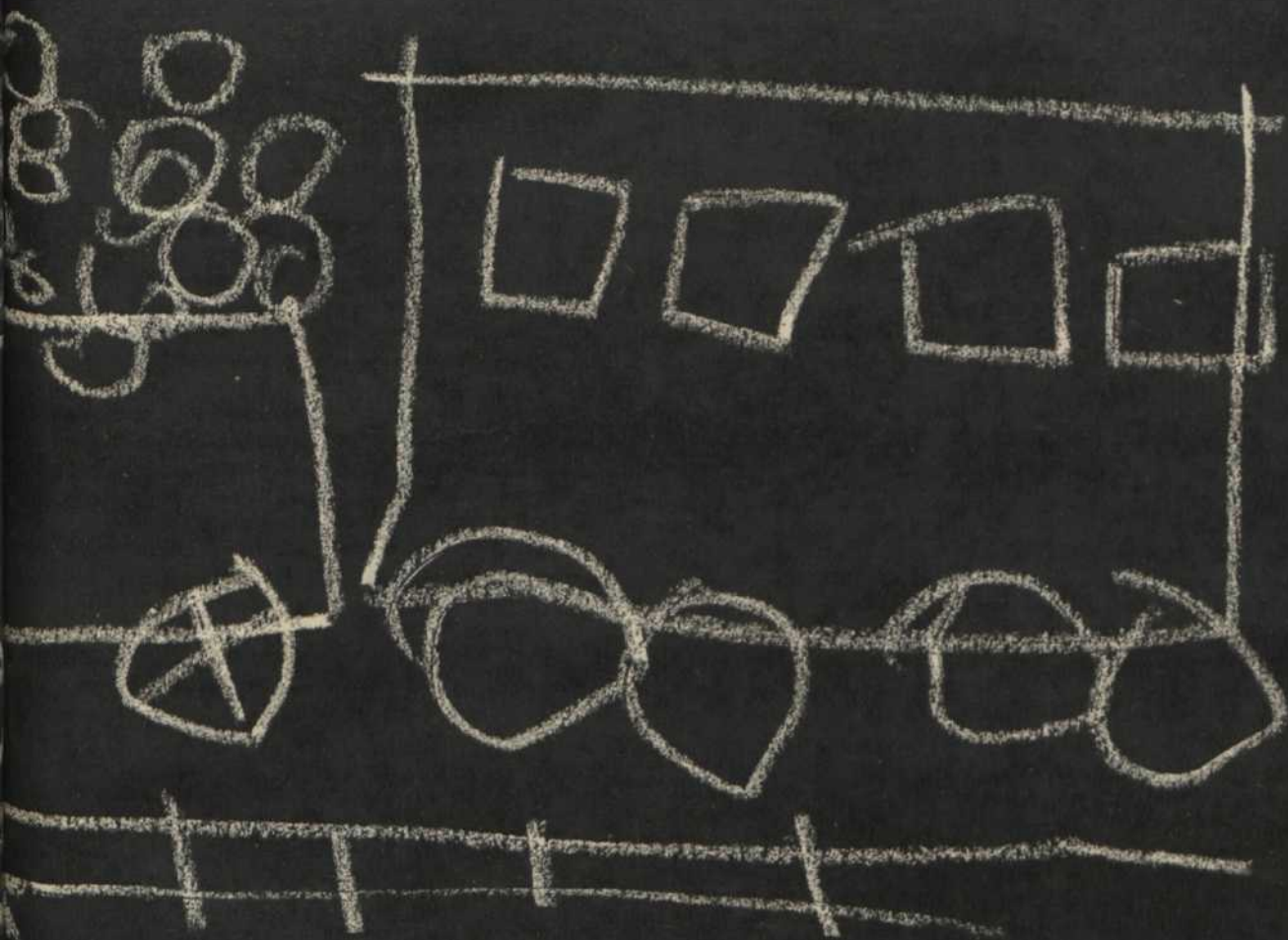
tons carried or any other weighty arithmetic . . . a place as personal to our lives as the milk bottles on the back porch or the schoolhouse around the corner.

Every kind of modern carrier has its task and earns its medals . . . but the railroads are the infantry of transportation.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States knows this, and well, because its busy Transportation Department serves this entire great industrial group—land, sea



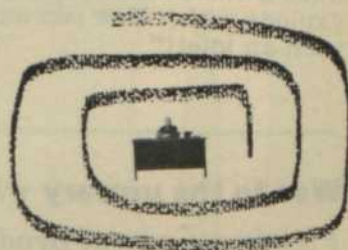
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CHARLES DUNN

# Haven for the Harried

By **WALTER TROHAN**

**When a man joins Burning Tree he gets one thing free, sanctuary from politics**

**S**ITUATED on a pleasant hilltop just outside Washington, D. C., is Burning Tree Golf Club, an exclusive hangout for golfers who speak at the slightest provocation. At times, when the language approaches the vociferous, some have been known to cast their clubs aside and take off for the vaulted dimness of the nineteenth hole to seek comfort from sources other than what the game provides.

Of course there are exceptions and, at the capital's most select golf course, one of these is Sen. Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio. If Ohio's senior senator slices a drive into the woods, he will murmur, "Shucks!" If he tops another, he will cut loose with, "Gosh darn it!" And on the rare days when he dubs a third stroke, he will really explode with, "How can anyone be such an idiot!"

Taft plays his golf as he plays his politics, straight away and conservatively. His putting is as consistent as his opposition on the Senate floor. He shoots in the 80's.

It is his ambition to give one of his clubs to Burning Tree's collection of sticks used by Presidents. Next to returning to the old homestead at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—the White House was home to Taft from 1909 to 1913—he would like to hang a scarred club beside the one used by his father, William Howard Taft.

There is no memento of Harry S. Truman among the presidential relics, which include clubs of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding and Woodrow Wilson. As far as members can determine, Mr. Truman never got a grip on a golf club.

Diplomacy is represented by Dr.

Luis Machado, ex-ambassador of Cuba, Joaquin M. (Mike) Elizalde, former ambassador of the Philippines, and Sir Christopher Steele, British minister.

Other golf courses have their bilingual swearing, but none has the conversational zest and elan of the capital of the nation.

Where else can one halt Gen. Omar N. Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to discuss military theory and strategy? Ordinarily conversation with the general is carefully gauged to avoid the dangerous ground of military secrets, but former Sen. Burton K. Wheeler of Montana threw this question at Bradley during a match: "What are you going to do if you drive the North Koreans across the Yalu River?" Wheeler didn't get much information from Bradley's answer, "I don't know," but he wasn't looking for any. The general did miss his putt and Wheeler took the hole, which was his primary objective. Wheeler does not hesitate to employ similar tactics against his son and law

**Woe to the unwary** when Lowell Stockman, top; Merle Thorpe, kneeling; Robert Fleming, General Bradley or John Sullivan play. It goes for General Eisenhower, bottom, Senator Taft, Secretary of the Navy Kimball and General Vandenberg







partner, Edward K. Wheeler, as part of the latter's less formal but nonetheless important education.

Anything short of a cataleptic fit is fair game up to the time a ball is addressed. The man who talks a good game of golf is admired even more than the man who plays one. Robert V. Fleming, Washington banker, found himself being outplayed over the first nine by the phenomenal putting of an opponent who had hitherto been notoriously weak on the green.

"You're really dropping them today," Fleming conceded in admiration. Then with feigned innocence he asked: "What are you doing with your right thumb?" The opponent became thumb conscious with the result his putts went everywhere but in the cup. Fleming walked off with the match.

One spring day the rule about talking was being taken lightly by a loquacious caddy carrying for Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed, who was having a bad day. The justice didn't feel the tingle of a good shot until the eighteenth tee when he smacked down the middle. Reed asked his caddy to keep quiet, as he hoped to make two good shots in a row. The caddy kept up his monologue. Stanley spoke kindly but firmly to him again, begging silence. The caddy kept quiet, but Reed topped the shot, the ball bounding about 15 yards.

"Well, if I had talked it wouldn't have bothered that shot," the caddy observed.

**I**N THE laughter which followed Reed ruefully confessed the caddy's opinion was unassailable.

Members of Burning Tree regard their club most highly as a sanctuary from political life. Members can and do ask Sen. Brien McMahon of Connecticut, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, about "A" bombs and "H" bombs and Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Air Force chief of staff, about their delivery, but such questions are conversational rather than prying. Members discuss the gamut of national and international events with the men who make history, but such conversation is carefully channeled into theoretical waters by unwritten rule.

Punishment is swift and certain on violators of the code. Political and professional activity are left at the clubhouse door. Members have been cautioned for unwitting breach of sanctuary and reprimanded for more overt violation of the unwritten rule. At least one resignation has been forced for a nagging bit of lobbying.

Nevertheless, legends have grown up of Burning Tree's influence on national affairs. Stories are told of policy being conceived, speeches being written and men being persuaded. Members insist these are purely apocryphal. When the President fired Gen. Douglas MacArthur, former Sen. Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota took ironic note of the omniscience generally attributed to the clubhouse by remarking with mock innocence, "I can't believe it; it wasn't even rumored at Burning Tree." Foreknowledge of all events is frequently attributed to club members, invariably by nonmembers.

Much of what goes on at the club enlivens Washington dinner and cocktail parties. The genuine repetitions from the club concern wit and humor. There's the latest Truman story or the latest repartee exchanged by former Sen. Millard E. Tydings of Maryland and Sen. Harry P. Cain of Washington, whose only ground in common is the putting green. There are exchanges between fair dealers and old guards, lame ducks and victorious drakes.

**M**OST of what is repeated originates in the locker room of the rather modest, gabled clubhouse, whose field stone was contributed by the late Sen. Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut. The locker room has a vaulted timbered roof. From its beams hang the flags of past and present cabinet members and flag officers and the flags of foreign nations represented by ambassadors and ministers. These include the banners of the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, former Army Secretary Kenneth Royal, former Navy Secretary John L. Sullivan, the late Secretary of War Dwight Davis, the late Defense Secretary James Forrestal, former Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, the late Deputy Defense Secretary Stephen T. Early, Navy Secretary Dan A. Kimball and the late Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg. Military ensigns include those of Bradley, Vandenberg, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Gen. Sir William Morgan and Adm. Darryl Hamilton, British members.

Here, in the heart of the club, golfers live and talk sparkles. This is where the late Sen. James Reed of Missouri remarked of mourners over a political rival: "The fleas have lost their dog!" Here is where the late Sen. Pat Harrison of Mississippi, then club patriarch, presided in a corner chair and loosed shafts of wit after the fashion of Jove distributing thunderbolts.

This sentimental cynic never took himself seriously and demanded that others do likewise.

Actually, Burning Tree began almost 30 years ago when four exasperated men had to wait 45 minutes on the tenth tee of a Washington golf club before being able to resume play. The four were Isaac T. Mann, a capitalist; Marshall T. Whitlatch, an engineer, who played well enough once to win the Middle Atlantic amateur championship; John H. Clapp, bank director and William M. Ritter, a substantial although voteless citizen.

"We ought to start a new club with limited membership and a modern course," said Mann. "Whit, why don't you start it?"

While they waited they planned what they wanted. This was a substantial clubhouse for golf and not for social purposes; members who would play for love of the game and well, a requirement honored in the breach as well as in the observance, and a club for men only. Whitlatch began his search. After three months he found a site on a farm five miles northwest of the District of Columbia line.

Legend has it that the club takes its name from a great tree which smoked and flamed on the site before the coming of the white man. The Indians are said to have seen the burning tree as a sign from the Great Spirit to call them together for smoking the Calumet or pipe of peace. And, according to the legend, the Indians called the place "Potomac."

The name of Potomac is from the Algonquin tongue all right, but it is a verbal noun meaning "something brought," according to scholars. The name was bestowed as a designation for a trading place and not for a burning tree.

**F**ORTUNATELY for the club, the farm of a family named Wetzel which was elected for the site, adjoined property owned by Walter Tuckerman, who is still digging divots after more than 50 years on the links. Tuckerman readily put 30 acres into the venture. The first nine holes were cut through woods. A good bit of the woods remain.

"Burning Tree, indeed!" snorted a visiting golfer. "The trouble is you didn't burn enough trees."

The original charter members put up \$10,000 each. Other members were asked to contribute \$1,000. The club was incorporated Dec. 8, 1922, and the course was open to play in 1924. Mann was the founding father. The late John Barton Payne, who headed the American Red Cross for many



years and who was also a founder, became so fond of the course that he built a cottage on it. It is now club property. Tuckerman, Guy M. Standifer and A. M. Newton are the surviving founders.

The course is a beautiful but difficult par 72. The Scottish firm of Colt, MacKenzie and Allison designed it with a minimum of traps and a canny use of the natural contours to get the most out of every golfer in array of clubs and language. How well they succeeded may be attested by the astronomical 148 rolled up by Sen. Homer Capehart of Indiana, which is still a record for Sunday morning competition.

There is no waiting at the tees. The clubhouse is in the middle of the course so that members can start from any one of a number of tees.

**W**OMEN can come no closer than the clubhouse door until 6 p.m. in the winter and 8 p.m. in summer. They have entry from the gates to the door to deposit and pick up their husbands. Members may have women at private evening functions. The dining room is sold out twice a year at the spring and fall festivals when Burning Tree numerals and gifts are awarded with splashes of jest, oratory, affection and alcohol.

Many wives have asked that they be permitted to play at least once a year or at least to go around once a year with their husbands. So far argument has been in vain. The club remains a male retreat.

Members play the year round. Many a locker contains red flannel ski underwear, the basic uniform for winter enthusiasts.

When members step up to the first tee, the club motto is to let the wagemaker beware. Not long ago House Republican Whip Leslie C. Arends stepped up with William C. Mylander, publicity director for the Republican National Committee. They had not played together before. In jockeying for wagering, each conceded he shot in the 80's. Arends agreed to give Mylander a stroke on each nine. After the first five holes each was eyeing the other with suspicion, Mylander being even par and Arends three under.

One of the club's most famous foursomes was composed of the late Pat Harrison, the late Stephen T. Early, the late John J. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads, and Merle Thorpe, then editor of *NATION'S BUSINESS*. Harrison, a wily contestant, appeared on the first tee



## Pete Progress and the plant that just wouldn't grow

"I'll tell you, I don't know what we're going to do," said Cyrus Chinfeather.

"We've got the business, we've got the equipment, we pay good wages, but we just can't find enough help in this town to fill all our jobs."

"Funny," said Pete. "Nothing much wrong with the town. We got people who have been living here for years and years, and love it!"

"I know it," said Mr. Chinfeather. "But their young 'uns grow up and move away. And how many new families do we have?"

"You're right," said Pete. "Maybe there's not enough here in town to keep the young folks happy."

"Why we've got bowling alleys and the high school games," said Mr. C.

"Sure," said Pete, "but they're not enough. And it all has to be made much more a part of community life."

"I get it," said Mr. C. "Why, I've been so close to the plant I haven't seen the trees. That would be good for my plant and it would bring other industry to the town, for everybody's good."

"That's chamber of commerce talk," said Pete. "That's giving for the good of all, instead of taking for the selfish few."

"Well, if it's their kind of talk, you should have told me long before this," said Mr. C., looking annoyed. "Let's get down there. Let's have some action!"

"You're headed for the right place, Mr. C.," said Pete, smiling. "Action is the chamber's middle name!"

**Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?**





one day with his right thumb bandaged to banana proportions. When the matter of wagering was settled with allowances for the thumb, he calmly removed the bandage and flung it away.

"The one thing I can't abide," he coolly explained, "is a man who carries a joke too far."

In a close match with his regular foursome another day, Harrison found himself with a bad lie just short of a trap. A rotund caddy, known as Jello, held the pin as Harrison drew a bead with his nine iron and lofted the ball. It arched and dropped into the front of Jello's sweater. Jello shook himself and the senator's ball dropped into the cup for a neat and clinching three. The mercurial Early chased the protesting Jello into the caddy house, calling on the caddy master to bar Jello for life.

A marsh on the eighteenth hole is known as McIntyre's lake, after the late Marvin Hunter McIntyre, White House Secretary to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who never managed to drive a ball over it.

**BURNING TREE** is at once the most exclusive, erratic and comradely of golf clubs. In the first place, Washington membership is held rigidly to 250. Out of town membership numbers about half of that. As is the case with all clubs of limited membership, the pattern of entry is the subject of much speculation. There is talk of secret manipulations, pressure and favoritism by some which is stoutly denied by those who talk loudest, once they get on the board or membership committee.

Some members, like Eugene Meyer, publisher, and Edgar Morris, businessman, don't play golf. There is a sizable congressional bloc, including Rep. Lowell Stockman of Oregon, the man built like an Alp, who swings a golf club with a handle as big as a baseball bat. Lou Boudreau, now manager of the Boston Red Sox, once challenged this statement as a club guest. Stockman's especially built clubs were trotted out and Lou was forced to concede there was no exaggeration in the tale of this giant's clubs.

Members of the congressional bloc do not come in preponderance from any one party or even from the most influential men on Capitol Hill. The Supreme Court is represented by Justice Reed and Justice Tom Clark. But the highest court has no greater representation than the United States Court of Claims with Judges Samuel E. Whitaker and Evan Howell. The

United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia is represented by E. Barrett Prettyman. The White House is not represented at present.

There are lawyers in profusion, but there are a generous sprinkling of other professions, including medicine and banking and business and even reporting. John L. Sullivan, the former Navy Secretary and currently club president, is senior partner of one of the capital's most successful law firms.

The affable Sullivan once turned tables—handsomely and expensively—on a field of foursomes one afternoon when he was an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during the war years. Sullivan was late at the club because he had been called to the White House for the signing of a wartime executive order limiting net incomes from corporate salaries to \$25,000 a year. Marriner S. Eccles, then chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, with whom Sullivan had a golf match, waited for him and drove him out to the club. Sullivan took a copy of the order with him.

At the club some 18 fellow members undertook to ride the tardy Sullivan. The latter knew he was in for it, but bided his time. When it came to betting, one of the 18, all of whom were corporation executives in the upper income brackets, asked Sullivan how many strokes he would give him that day. Sullivan responded with his customary, "Take all your pride will allow you to."

The executive, who usually took two strokes, unblushingly demanded eight. The others took from five to ten above what they would have asked ordinarily.

**WHEN** all bets were in, Sullivan casually asked if they had heard of the new executive order limiting salaries. Consternation went around the room. With mock seriousness Sullivan chided his fellow members not to let the matter spoil their day. He reminded them the papers would carry the order.

The executives were not to be put off, demanded to see the order. With a great show of reluctance Sullivan said they might find it in the breast pocket of his coat in locker No. 24. They raced for the locker room and fought over the order. In the play that followed Sullivan won every bet he made for the first and only time in his years of membership. It cost the club almost \$1,000 to replace the divots of his wild swinging competitors, whose games ballooned in contemplation of shrinking incomes.

The best way to get into Burning Tree is to find an influential and popular sponsor who will devote himself to convincing the others that his candidate is a prince among men, a companionable golfer rather than a man to give strokes to the club pro and a grand loser. The sponsor must work unstintingly in behalf of his candidate. There is a long waiting list, but no precedence on the list. If a man is nominated for membership and strikes the committee as highly desirable, he may be taken in at once although the waiting line may appear to be endless.

**THERE** is nothing of the prejudice common to other clubs at Burning Tree. In fact, quite the contrary is true. A young publisher, concerned that his paper's editorials might mitigate against him, sought out staunch isolationists Wheeler and Nye. They brushed aside his fears by reminding him they could do without reading his paper's editorials in their absorbing study of his handicap.

Former Senator Tydings appeared one Sunday morning with a one-volume edition of Shakespeare in his hand. He delivered a moving appeal for less emphasis on the physical and more emphasis on the mental so effectively that several of the newer members dug into their pockets for entrance fees to his proposed Shakespeare class. Tydings joyously spent their contributions on embossing in golden letters on a clubhouse beam the line from the Bard: "There are certain issues which strokes alone can decide."

With only slight paraphrase of the man of Stratford on Avon, Club President Sullivan in his last annual report apostrophized the haven and sanctuary that is Burning Tree. Sullivan took the words by which the dying voice of John of Gaunt described his beloved England to Richard II and asked that the future fates be kind to Burning Tree. Sullivan concluded his report with the ringing words:

*This royal throne of golf,  
this bunkered haven  
This earth of majesty, this  
seat of pars  
This other Eden, demiparadise  
This fortress built by nature  
for ourselves  
Against instructions, boredom  
and self-seekers.  
This happy breed of men, this  
little world  
This precious gem set in the  
emerald sea  
This blessed sanctuary—  
Burning Tree.*





# nb notebook

## Small business at work

"EVERYBODY talks about the need to get the little manufacturer into the defense effort," a practical man told us the other day. "The fact is—he's already in, but few people hear about it."

As proof he pointed to the recent Westinghouse Electric Corporation statement that 46 cents out of every sales dollar the company received in the year ending October, 1951, was passed along to 14,000 subcontractors and suppliers.

According to E. T. Morris, Westinghouse manager of subcontracting, the firm's purchases from 11,946 small businesses and 2,161 larger ones totaled \$554,000,000.

"These figures," he said, "clearly reveal the effective partnership between businesses large and small. Some jobs must necessarily be tackled by companies big enough to handle them, but thousands of small businesses—firms with fewer than 500 employees—play a vital role."

## Day nursery run by JC's

LIKE communities everywhere, the typically western sheep, cattle and mining center of Grand Junction, Colo., had a manpower shortage during World War II. The result was more women in jobs.

More children had to be cared for while mothers worked. Private nurseries in homes helped but never solved the problem. The need became greater after the war.

Grand Junction's active Junior Chamber of Commerce had established a nursery, first in a church basement and later in schools. But shortage of school space stopped it.

Taking a deep breath and \$4,500 they had earned from projects, the Jaycees won an \$8,000 loan.

They built a modern day nursery, equipped with kitchen, classrooms, sleeping bunks, and child-sized furniture throughout—even to bathroom fixtures. They did much of the work by themselves.

That was a little more than a

year ago. For the first few months the nursery lost money. Then word got around that for \$5 to \$7 a week a youngster could get top care. Finances jumped into the black.

Now the net profit is sometimes as high as \$511 a month and the Jaycees are two years ahead of schedule in repaying the loan.

## Substitutes for a coin

THE ODDMENTS with which American motorists try to satisfy the appetites of parking meters may, one day, provide a basis for an interesting psychological study in motivation. Evidence so far indicates that desperation rather than greed may account for many of the substitutes.

In New York City, for instance, ten cent meters installed last September have already yielded 682 substitutes for coins. Although 98 of these have definitely proven worthless, the city believes it will actually realize a profit from the others which include a ten-kopeck piece, minted in 1867, several U. S. three-cent pieces minted in 1867 and transit tokens from various cities, redeemable at 15 cents.

In Detroit, where the meter charge is a nickel, Honk Kong five-cent pieces, Philippine 25-cent pieces, German, French, Mexican coins of suitable size have appeared along with tool checks, bar checks and chunks of bar stock. One enterprising parker, finding that the machines would not accept coins with holes in, painstakingly filled in the center of washers as fodder for the machine.

## Insurance for Rodeo Cowboys

WHEN Robert Froman wrote in our May number that work in rodeos was so dangerous that performers could not get insurance, his reporting was several months behind the times, as Arthur O. Jones, of the Rushmore Mutual Life Insurance Company, Rapid City, S. D., has brought to our attention.

This company has developed an accident expense plan for members

of the Rodeo Cowboys Association and, since January, 1951, has processed 400 claims totaling \$20,000.

Our author was right in saying that rodeo work is dangerous, as a quick glance through the booklet describing the plan reveals. Mentioned almost casually are dental expenses, dislocations, fractures, dismemberment and death.

## Taxes up 324 per cent

MANUFACTURERS' excise taxes imposed by the federal Government have increased at a rate 13 times faster than all federal taxes combined during the past five years, according to the Commerce Clearing House.

These hidden taxes, paid by the manufacturer and passed on to the retail consumer, soared 324 per cent compared to a rise of 24 per cent on all federal taxes during the period, and the upward trend is certain to continue because of increases in the 1951 Revenue Act.

## "Public Ownership at Work"

AFTER receiving his copy of NATION'S BUSINESS for April, Jack Frye came to see us. He proved to be a most affable caller. Later he wrote us the following letter which we reprint without comment:

"I would like to comment on the article by Junius B. Wood in your April issue, 'Public Ownership at Work,' as it applies to the General Aniline & Film Corporation and the General Dyestuff Corporation.

"It appears to me that Mr. Wood's attitude in this article is far from the objective and unbiased approach that one would expect to find in NATION'S BUSINESS. Some of his statements are inaccurate and many others are slanted to create an untrue impression or implication.

"The statement that:

"His inexperience [Frye's] in chemical formulas was compensated for by electing Cary R. Wagner executive vice president of GAF and Ernest K. Halbach, its former president, consultant for GDC,

is inaccurate.

"The facts are that Dr. Wagner was brought into GAF by me as vice president in charge of research and development and has never served as executive vice president of GAF. Mr. Halbach had served GDC as consultant since the Government vesting of these companies and merely continued to serve in this capacity until August 1950.

"At other points the article said:

"The government-operated company



# Adon's Bum Shoulder



THIS IS a story about a dislocated shoulder that led to a fortune and gave the male a new look. The shoulder that went awry belonged to a young man by the name of Adon Hoffman, an apprentice clothes presser, who worked in a small tailor shop in Syracuse, N. Y., just before the turn of the century.

In those days pressing a man's suit was quite a project, especially the coat. Workmen often took a whole day to press eight or ten coats, laboriously using a big iron known, because of its shape, as the "goose."

One day young Adon dislocated one of his shoulders. He was useless as a presser so he began to work out a clothes-pressing machine.

People laughed at him. But Adon Hoffman persisted and eventually came up with a machine which pressed clothes by applying steam pressure and was controlled by a foot lever.

Hoffman realized he still had more to do to perfect his machine. But he felt so sure he had something worthwhile that he mortgaged his earnings for six months in advance to get the materials for further experiments. Adon worked so hard at his project that his health backfired. He went to the West Coast to recover.

When he returned to town, hardly anybody noticed him. But his machine worked.

Proudly, Adon set up the machine in a little tailor shop which he opened opposite the Yates Hotel. But people couldn't seem to get steamed up about clothes pressing.

One day a man got caught in a downpour. In his baggy coat and pants he was desperate. Suddenly his eyes rested upon

a sign across the street: "Clothes Pressed While You Wait."

The young clothes presser gave the visitor a bathrobe and told him to make himself comfortable behind a curtain which partitioned the little store. Then the man heard a queer bumping sound and the hiss of live steam.

Rushing out he saw Hoffman putting his coat into a strange, steaming contraption.

"Hold on there!" shouted the traveler. "What are you doing with my coat! Where is your iron?"

"Don't need it," said the clothes presser. "I'll show you how it works."

Theodore D. Palmer—the name of the patron in the lumpy suit—grew more interested as the young man explained the contrivance.

"Have you patented this thing?" the traveler asked.

"No, sir. You see, to promote this, I need about \$15,000. And I hardly have a cent."

Palmer was a promoter who had just lost a great deal of money on a tanning enterprise.

Within a few days Parker had formed a stock company to build and sell the machines. During the first year—1905—100 of them were sold, and by 1908 the business was flourishing. Five years later 30,000 machines had been sold and branches of the company, then known as the T. D. Palmer Company, were established in all parts of the world. There are now 275,000 Hoffman-Palmer machines in use.

Thus Adon Hoffman became the man who sharpened up the masculine look.

—HAROLD HELFER

with many official privileges did not keep pace with privately owned and managed companies.

"This company, to my knowledge, hasn't enjoyed any official privileges. On the contrary, it suffers from many handicaps that make it impossible to make a comparable showing with competitive privately owned industry.

"Even Washington's mystery man, Henry W. Grunewald, was not overlooked by GAF, though all the record shows is a modest \$222.20 in 1942.

"I have no knowledge of any payment ever having been made to Mr. Grunewald by GAF. I have asked our treasurer and accounting division to search for any such record and there is none.

"Now as to statements strongly slanted to create an inaccurate impression:

"OAP says that Frye's combined annual compensation from GAF and GDC is less than paid by competing corporations. But when salaries of men with the know-how are added—\$50,000 a year for Wagner and \$57,800 for Halbach—the costs are higher.

"The fact is that practically every large corporation employs men other than the president to head research and development, such as Wagner, so I say that this is not only absurd but creates a false impression.

"There are other unfair and/or uninformed statements in Mr. Wood's article. I have discussed these with you in person and will not go into them now inasmuch as the above should be adequate to prove my point.

"I appreciate your seeing me and having Mr. Wood in to listen to my objections to his article. Several of my directors and stockholders as well as myself feel, in view of the importance of your readership and your reputation for fairness and objectivity, we should like to see you publish this letter in your magazine."

## Cleaning business too brisk

IN DALLAS, the casual passerby who drops into the cleaning establishment run by Dee and Hattie Haney with a suit to be pressed is likely to be startled by a suggestion that he take his business elsewhere.

The Haney's, who call themselves a "couple of ignorant country girls" are fighting to avoid a volume business. But, even with charges of \$2.50 for cleaning a man's suit and \$2.75 for a woman's dress, word of mouth advertising is making it an uphill fight.

The women mortgaged their



homes and opened the shop in 1949. One of their first jobs was a \$595 silk slipper satin cocktail dress with a faded panel. They dyed the panel with oil pigment, restored the dress and charged \$20. They got a check for \$30 and have been attacking the impossible ever since.

Now they receive tired garments from all over Texas and as far away as Milwaukee and New York.

### Young drivers become safer

FORTY or more teen-age automobile drivers will converge on Washington next month but, in spite of the recklessness attributed to motorists in this age group, this visitation is awaited with approbation rather than alarm.

The visitors will be the state winners in the National Teen-Age Road-e-o which 300 Junior Chamber of Commerce chapters are sponsoring throughout the country. In sponsoring the competition which began in June, the Jaycees had a two-fold purpose: To make expert drivers out of the beginning teen-age motorists and to give credit to teen-agers who already have become skillful drivers.

Each entrant in the contest must pass a written quiz and then take an actual road check.

State winners receive an all-expense paid trip to the national contest where five winners will be named. First prize is a \$1,000 scholarship; second, a \$500 scholarship; third, a \$250 scholarship. Fourth and fifth place winners each receive scholarships of \$100.

### News from Korea

IN SUBURBAN Detroit, a dairy bar owner, a metallurgist, an executive of a concrete company, and an auto plant tool inspector live within five miles of each other but had never met.

Then their four sons, all sergeants, all medics attached to the 17th Infantry, 45th Division, became friends in Korea.

Today the world's most compact news service links these four Detroit homes.

When letters from the boys told of their meeting at the front, their families began to see each other. Now when one family gets a letter, it uses the telephone to spread the news to the others. Few days pass without word from one of the boys. Now other families with sons in Korea have been added to the telephone list and the private news bureau is doing much to ease anxiety in other homes, too.



## What Future for Dimitrios?

What future for Dimitrios aged 3? His home is a pig-sty lent by another villager...light comes through two tiny holes. His bed is the earthen floor on which very dirty rags are spread at night. His daily meal is a scrap of bread...a few olives. No mother to take care of him, to dry a tear, to pat him gently, to scold and kiss...

Dimitrios is the youngest of three children whose mother was killed in the fighting in Greece. His father, a poor shepherd disabled by the war, spends his days foraging for food for his family. There are no sheep to tend.

It is hard to believe that in the year 1952, children like Dimitrios live in such deep misery. The war still goes on for them...your help can mean love and security and, finally, rehabilitation. The Plan is dedicated to Peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children...we need your help to help them!

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level...we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his/her needs.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and thus a sense of belonging is created.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them, please?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax

15th Anniversary Year—1937-1952

### *Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.*

55 W. 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

#### Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Henry La Cossitt, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry LeSueur, Ned Calmer, Senator & Mrs. Paul Douglas.

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FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LO. 4-6647 (NB-7-52)  
55 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex\_\_\_\_\_. I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment \$\_\_\_\_\_.

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$\_\_\_\_\_.

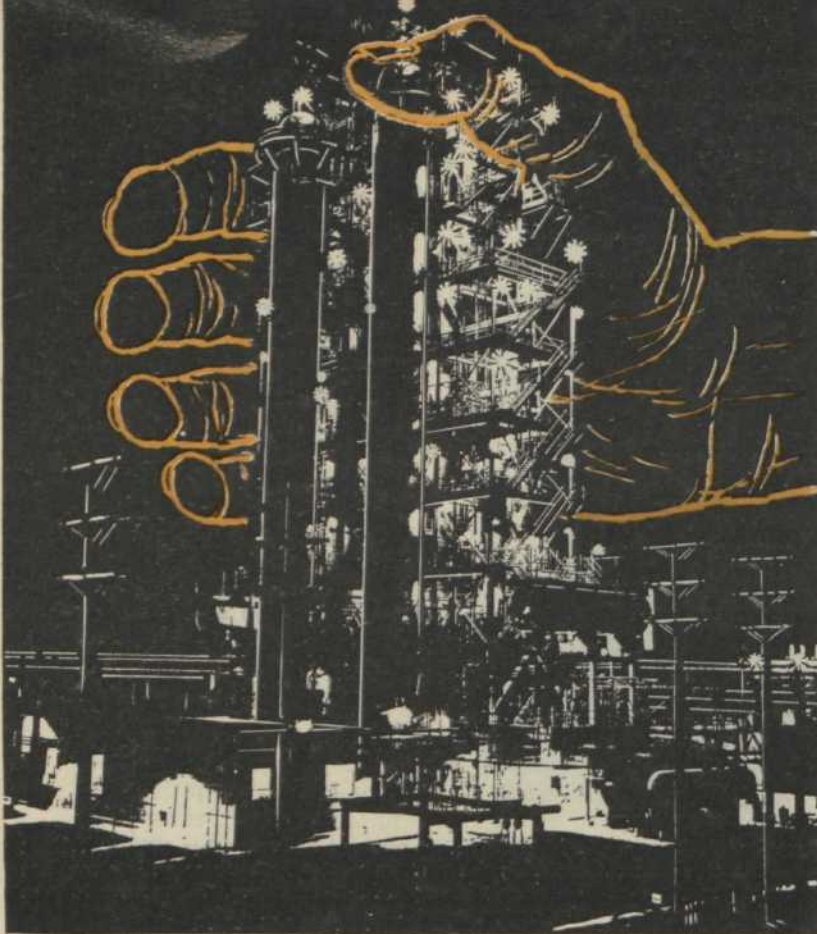
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Contributions are deductible from Income Tax





## CARTELS OR MARKETS

**M**ODERN America uses more rubber than all the other nations of the world combined. It takes 18 pounds of rubber to meet the requirements and desires of each American every year. The balance of the world uses one pound per person.

And so the Indonesian farmer whose few acres of rubber trees provide his cash crop is working for the American public, more than for anyone else in the world. And the huge Malayan plantations, directed from offices in London, likewise are dependent most on America for a profitable outlet for their product.

Because they were unable to protect themselves against advancing Japanese forces, the Southeastern Asian countries fell into idle, profitless days during World War II—and the United States lost its principal source of raw rubber.

But times are better now. Our demands for the postwar catch-up period and for stockpiling, along with similar demands from many other nations, have restored the work—and the profits—to the rubber producing nations and to

those who control them. At the outset of the Korean war natural rubber sold for 18 cents a pound. It reached a peak in 1951 of 84. Such a price movement enabled the United Sua Betong Rubber Estates to pay a 50 per cent dividend this year. Along with the payment shareholders received a statement from Sir John Hay of London, chairman of the estates, criticizing the United States policy of requiring manufacturers to use certain amounts of American-made rubber in their products. This requirement since has been practically eliminated.

**I**T IS no wonder that natural rubber producers would like to see windfall demand and prices maintained forever. And so it is not surprising that the International Rubber Study Group has received from its Indonesian members a proposal that a committee be formed:

"To consider whether measures designed to prevent burdensome surpluses or serious shortages of rubber are necessary and practicable; to prepare drafts of any

agreements required to implement such measures, and to report back to the study group as soon as possible."

In simpler language, that means the Indonesians have proposed a cartel. Its purpose would be to limit output of raw rubber in relation to demand at the level that would maintain prices.

America has had experience with rubber cartels before. The British are old hands at dividing markets and regulating production and prices through cartels. As might be expected, their cartels are not always to the benefit of the users of the products regulated. And judging from the present state of the British economy, they are not always beneficial to Britain.

**L**ET'S see how the British have done in regulating rubber. In the 1920's they had a plan of limiting output. It ran the price of raw rubber paid by American users up to \$1.21 a pound in 1925. The Dutch, also big plantation operators at that time, and others couldn't resist reaching for such profits. So they planted more and more rubber trees whose product finally broke the cartel—and the price.

So the British worked up another plan, also based on limiting production. This time they counted the Dutch, and some other producers, in on the deal. They clung to this plan even after British soldiers were fighting and dying in World War II.

The British plan stood stolidly, until it was too late. An American scientific and industrial miracle brought into being our billion dollar synthetic rubber plant.

From that very achievement and investment the British got rubber to keep their heroic forces going in World War II. They also required natural rubber from our meager stockpiles.

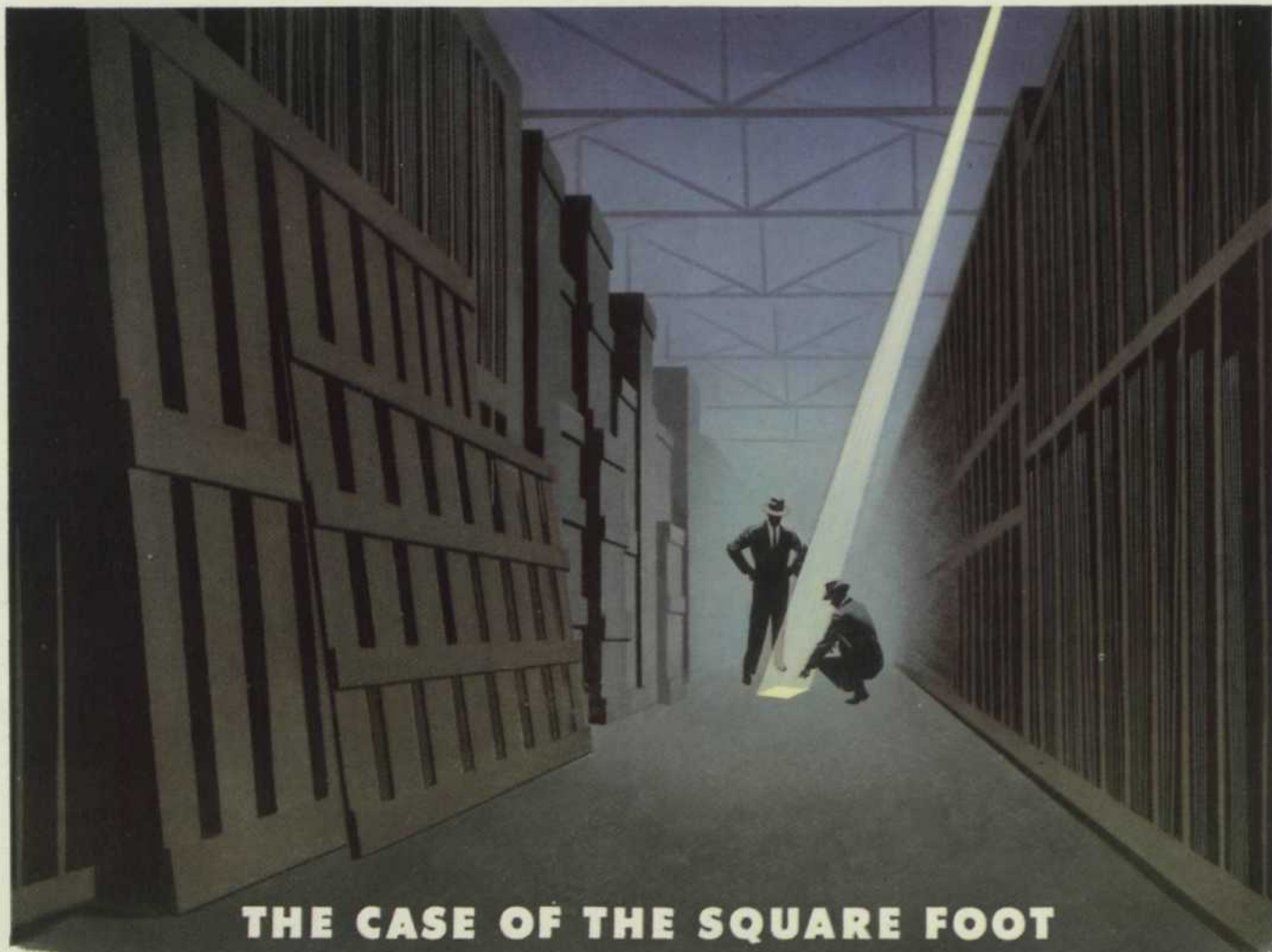
It is that synthetic plant which the British now want to control, to regulate downward.

For obvious reasons the American rubber industry and the United States Government object strongly to this proposed cartel, and to the British desire to see our rubber plants minimized.

American rubber manufacturers suggest to the British and the Indonesians and to all the other rubber producing or controlling nations a better, much more certain, way to maintain their prosperity.

It is: Broaden your markets for rubber products, as we have ours. We will broaden ours still more in the normal course of progressive business.





## THE CASE OF THE SQUARE FOOT

**T**HOUGH parlor economists may refer to it as "just storage space", a distributor's square footage is a vital junction right in the middle of American business. And those who attack "middlemen" as contributing nothing to the value of goods, mistake the contribution made by floor space.

A case in point is the new curved windshield: to stock one curved windshield takes as much floor space as eighteen flat windshields. Sudden demand for that much storage space places too big a burden on retail handlers of auto glass. Such a major adjustment calls for a specialist in the business of floor space and handling . . . a nearby wholesale distributor with a big warehouse.

Floor space costs money to build and money to maintain.

Large stocks of glass tie up money.

Trucking glass into a warehouse and out again costs money.

No one questions overhead and labor in any business as additions to value. When a machine cuts or grinds or bevels glass—when the labor changes the shape to conform with a table top—the additions meet the eyes. The service of floor space, though not so visible, is just as genuine. It is the service of having the exact kind of glass you want ready and waiting for you when you want it.

All Libbey-Owens-Ford Distributors and Dealers are independent businessmen. And they're *local* men who specialize in this service of knowing what you are *going* to want and in having it ready for you.



FOR QUALITY GLASS,

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